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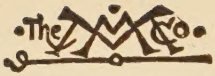
REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLIC ESSAYS



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TORONTO

REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLIC ESSAYS

EDITED BY

GEORGE CARVER

AND

ELLEN M. GEYER

ASSISTANT PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH,
THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

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Imprimatur: ✠PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES,
Archbishop, New York.

New York, July 12, 1926.

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Set up and electrotyped.
Published September, 1926.

BR
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1926

Printed in the United States of America by
THE FERRIS PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK

FOREWORD

In these days when persistent effort is made to interpret life in terms of "science," it is, more than ever before, necessary to recall the fact that not science, but literature, conveys the more authentic revelation of the nature of man, and of all that concerns him. If human life were but eating and drinking, "science" might be the ultimate wisdom. But life is more than a combination of physical and chemical processes. *Vivere est cogitare.* Life is thought, and hope and love, and suffering, and desire and ambition. Life is warfare, with alternating spasms of fear and bursts of courage, of despair and of triumph. Life is hunger and thirst for truth. It is a craving for what seems unattainable.

Now, all these things, human hopes and fears, sufferings and cravings, are the subject matter of literature. Its purpose is to reveal man to himself, and even to reveal God to man. John Cowper Powys says of the Psalms of David, "they are the most pathetic and poignant as well as the most noble and dignified of all poetic literature. The rarest spirits of our race will always turn to them at every epoch in their lives for consolation for support and for repose." And for this reason, I imagine, the Psalms are the most perfect expression of all human emotions and aspirations.

Such literature as the Psalms will, perhaps, never be written again. Great prophets who can read both the mind of God and the heart of man are not overnumerous in any age. However, even in our day, we have minor prophets not a few. If they do not enjoy unbroken communication with the Truth, they have at least moments when they hear the heavenly whisper. Being

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in touch with the Creative Force, they do creative work in art or music or literature.

We others, not privileged to mount the steps of Sinai and receive the revelation at first hand, are happy, none the less, to be at the foot of the mountain to hear the truth which the prophets have to communicate. They tell us about God and about man, about what we are, and whence we come, and what is the cause of the "unspeakable groanings" of our heart. What they tell us comes like a revelation. Arthur Machen says that literature is ecstasy. "If ecstasy be present, then I say there is fine literature." Perhaps he would permit us to add that literature first requires ecstasy in the writer, then revelation to the reader, and consequent upon the revelation, ecstasy again.

If these opinions be true, literature is surely akin to a divine gift, and produces heavenly joy. To pass through life and miss that joy is to be robbed of one's most precious inheritance. To be trained to recognize genuine literature, and to be able to differentiate it immediately from all that is base, or banal, is, or should be, one of the prime purposes of education.

Maurice Francis Egan says, in one of the essays in this book, that "a literary man crowned by the universal suffrage of the American people would be an example of mediocrity." "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." That it may cease to be true, that the people may come to know the true interpretation of our nature, and of the nature of God, is, I am confident, the hope of the compilers of this series of essays, and I am also quite sure that they have taken the best possible means to introduce the people to genuine literature.

JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.
Editor of *The Catholic World*.

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REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLIC ESSAYS

THE MISSIONER*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

In one of those great halls which the winter darkens and which are proper to the North, there sat a group of men, kindly and full of the winter night and of their food and drink, upon which for many hours they had regaled together, and not only full of song, but satiated with it, so long and so loudly had they sung. They all claimed descent from the Gods, but in varying degrees, and their Chief was descended from the father of the Gods, by no doubtful lineage, for it was his granfer's mother to whom a witch in the woods had told the story of her birth.

In the midst of them as they so sat, a large fire smouldered, but having been long lit, sent up so strong a shaft of rising air as drew all smoke with it, towering to a sort of open cage upon the high roof tree of that hall whence it could escape to heaven.

I say they were tired of song and filled with many good things, but chiefly with companionship. They had landed but recently from the sea; the noise of the sea was in their ears as they so sat round the fire, still talking low, and a Priest who

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was among them refused to interpret the sound; but he said in a manner that some mocked doubtfully, others heard with awe, that the sea never sounded save upon nights when the Gods were abroad. He was the Priest of a lesser God, but he was known throughout the fleet of those pirate fishermen for his great skill in the interpretation of dreams, and he could tell by the surface of the water in the nightless midsummer where the shoals were to be found.

He said that on that night the Gods were abroad, and, indeed, the quality of the wind as it came down the gulf of the fjord provoked such a fancy, for it rose and fell as though by a volition, and sometimes one would have said that it was a quiet night, and, again, a moment after, one heard a noise like a voice round the corners of the great beams, and the wind pitied or appealed or called. Then a man who was a serf, but very skilled in woodwork, lying among the serfs in the outer ring beyond the fire in the straw, called up and said: "Lords, he is right; the Gods have come down from the Dovrefield; they are abroad. Let us bless our doors."

It was when he had so spoken that upon the main gate of that Hall (a large double engine of foot-thick pine swung upon hinges wrought many generations ago by the sons of the Gods) came a little knocking. It was a little tapping like the tapping of a bird. It rang musically of metal and of hollow metal; it moved them curiously, and a

very young man who was of the blood said to his father: "Perhaps a God would warn us."

The keeper of the door was a huge and kindly man, foolish but good for lifting, with whom by daylight children played, and who upon such evenings lay silent and contented enough to hear his wittier fellows. This serf rose from the straw and went to unbar. But the Chief put his hand forward, and bade him stay that they might still hear that little tapping. Then he lowered his hand and the gate was swung open.

Cold came with it for a moment, and the night air; light, and, as though blown before that draught, drifted into the hall a tall man, very young, who bowed to them with a gesture they did not know, and first asked in a tongue they could not tell, whether any man might interpret for him.

Then one old man who was their pilot and who had often run down into the vineyard lands, sometimes for barter, sometimes for war, always for a wage, said two words or three in that new tongue, hesitatingly. His face was wrinkled and hard; he had very bright but very pale gray eyes that were full of humility. He said three words of greeting which he had painfully learned twenty years before, from a priest, upon the rocks of Brittany, who had also given him smooth stones wherewith to pray; and with these smooth stones the old Pilot continually prayed, sometimes to the greater and sometimes to the lesser Gods. His wife had died during the first war between Hrolf and the Twin Brothers; he had come home to find her dead

and sanctified, and, being Northern, he had since been also a silent man. This Pilot, I say, quoted the words of greeting in the strange tongue. Then the tall young stranger man advanced into the circle of the firelight and made a sign upon his head and his breast and his shoulders, which was like the sign of the Hammer of Thor, and yet which was not the sign of the Hammer of Thor. When he had done this, the Pilot attempted that same sign, but he failed at it, for it was many years since he had been taught it upon the Breton coast. He knew it to be magical and beneficent, and he was ashamed to fail.

The Chief of those who were descended from the Gods and were seated round the fire turned to the Priest and said: "Is this a guest, a stranger sent, or is he a man come as an enemy who should be let out again into the night? Have you any divination?"

"I have no divination," said the Priest. "I cannot tell one thing or the other, nor each from the other in the case of this young man. But perhaps he is one of the Gods seeking shelter among men, or perhaps he is a fancy thing, warlock, but not doing evil. Or perhaps he is from the demons; or perhaps he is a man like ourselves, and seeking shelter during some long wandering."

When the Chief heard this he asked the Pilot, not as a man possessing divine knowledge, but as one who had traveled and knew the sea, whether he knew this Stranger and whence he came. To which the Pilot answered:

"Captain, I do not know this young man nor whence he comes, nor any of his tribe, nor have I seen any like him save once three slaves who stood in a market-place of the Romans in a town that was subject to a great lord who was a Frank and not a Breton, and who was hated by the people of his town so that later they slew him. Then these three slaves were loosened, and they came to the house of the Priest of the Gods of that country, and they told me the name of the people whence they sprang. But I have forgotten it. Only I know that it is among the vineyard lands. There the day and the night are equally divided all the year long, and if the snow falls it falls gently and for a very little while, and there are all manner of birds, and those people are very rich, and they have great houses of stone. Now I believe this Stranger to be a man like ourselves, born of a woman, and coming northward upon some purpose which we do not know. It may be for merchandise, or it may be for the love of singing and of telling stories to men."

When he had said this they all looked at the Stranger and they say that he had with him a little instrument that was not known to them, for it was a flute of metal. It was of silver, as they could see, long drawn and very delicately made, and with this had he summoned at the gate.

The Chief then brought out with his own hands a carven chair, on which he seated the Stranger, and he put into his hand a gold cup taken from the Romans in a city of the Franks, upon which was

faintly carved a cross, and round the rim of which were four precious stones, an emerald, a ruby, an amethyst, and a diamond; and going to a skin which he had taken in a Gascon raid, he poured out wine into that chalice and went down upon one knee as is proper to strangers when they are to be entertained, and put a cloth over his arms and bade him drink. But when the young man saw the cross faintly carved upon the cup and the four precious stones at the corners of it, he shuddered a little and put it aside as though it were a sacred thing, at which they all marveled. Yet he longed for the wine. And they, understanding that in some way this ornament was sacred to his Gods, gently took it from him and through courtesy put it aside upon a separate place which was reserved for honorable vessels, and poured him other wine into a wooden stoop; and this he drank, holding it out now to one and now to another, but last and chiefly to their Captain; and as he drank it he drank with signs of amity.

Then by way of payment for so much kindness he took his silver flute and blew upon it shrill notes, all very sweet, and the sweeter for their choice and distance one from another, until they listened, listening every man with those beside him like one man, for they had never heard such a sound; and as he played one man saw one thing in his mind and one another thing; for one man saw the long and easy summer seas that roll after a prosperous boat filled with spoil, whether of fishes or of booty, when the square sail is taken aft by a warm wind

in the summer season, and the high mountains of home first show beyond the line of the sea. And another man saw a little valley, narrow, with deep pasture, wherein he had been bred and had learned to plow the land with horses before ever he had come to the handling of a tiller or the bursting of water upon the bows. And another saw no distinct and certain thing, but vague and pleasurable hopes fulfilled, and the advent of great peace. And another saw those heights of the hills to which he ever desired to return.

But the old Pilot, straining with wonder in his eyes as the music rose, thought confusedly of all that he had seen and known; of the twirling tides upon the Breton coast and of the great stone towns, of the bright vestments of the ordered armies in the market-places and of the vineyard land.

When the Stranger had ceased so to play upon his instrument they applauded, as their custom was, by cries, some striking the armor upon the ground so that it rang, and by gesture and voice they begged him play again.

The second time he played all those men heard one thing: which was a dance of young men and women together in some country where there was little fear. The tune went softly, and was softly repeated, full of the lilt of feet, and when it was ended they knew that the dance was done.

This time they were so pleased that they waited a little before they would applaud, but the old Pilot, remembering more strongly than ever the vineyard land, moved his right hand back and for-

ward with delight as in some way he would play music with it, and thus by a communication of heart to heart stirred in that Stranger a new song; and taking up his flute for the third time he blew upon it a different strain, at which some were confused, others hungry in their hearts, though they could not have told you why, but the old Pilot saw great and gracious figures moving over a land subject to blessedness; he saw that in the faces of these figures (which were those of the Immortals) stood present at once a complete satisfaction and a joyous energy and a solution of every ill. "These," he said to himself in the last passion of the music, "these are true Gods." But suddenly the music ceased, and with it the vision also.

For the great pleasure which the Flute Player had given them they desired to keep him in their company, and so they did for three full years; that is, the winter long, the seed time, and the time of harvest; and the next harvest also, and another harvest more, during which time he played them many tunes, and learnt their tongue.

Now, his Gods were his own, but he pined for the lack of their worship and for Priests of his own sort, and when he would explain these in his own manner some believed him, but some did not believe him. And to those who believed him he brought a man from the South, from beyond the Dovrefield, who baptized them with water: as for those who would not have this they looked on, and kept to their own decree; but there was as yet no division among them. A little while after the third

harvest, hearing that the fleet, which was of twelve boats, would make for Roman land, he begged to go with it, for he was sick for his own, but first he made them take an oath that they would molest none, nor ever barter with any, until they had landed him in his own land. The Chief took his oath for them, and though his oath was worth the oath of twelve men, twelve other men swore with him. In this way the oath was done. So they took the Flute Player for three days over the sea before the wind called Eager, which is the north-east wind, and blows at the beginning of the open season; they took him at the beginning of the fourth year since his coming among them, and they landed him in a little boat in a seaport of the Franks, on Roman land. . . .

The Faith went over the world as very light seed goes upon the wind, and no one knows the drift on which it blew; it came to one place and to another, and to each in a different way. It came, not to many men, but always to one heart, till all men had hold of it.

HOLY WEEK*

ANONYMOUS

It is Easter morning as I write this in my garden and attempt to sum up my impressions of last week. Yet I know even as I begin that it is useless. What I can write down bears about as much relation to what I experienced as a child's scratching on a slate to, let us say, the sunrise burning over the sea. However, I cannot rest till I have made my scratches, and tried to embody in words what even my soul itself could only dimly apprehend. Even as I put down these words I am aware that the light is coarsening. And it is really a serious reflection that even all that my stupid dullness could perceive is only as a shadow of a shadow of what the Church was trying to show me.

TENEBRAE

Well, I have been witnessing a four days' drama of the most appalling kind. To be plain with myself, it has been nothing else than the tragedy of the murder of God; and that interwrought with the most bewildering pangs and motives, and overshot with gleams of love and pity. All kinds of per-

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sonages have been moving on the stage, clever, shallow souls, lovers, foes, simple, passionate, stupid, fiery-eyed, self-seeking, imperceptive—why pile up epithets?—in short, the entire human race. And in the midst God has been walking, dumb, with gestures, lifting His hands in useless explanation, in appeal, in agony, dropping them in despair. And beneath the stage, like a Greek chorus, have crowded the saints and sages of all time, chanting comment and interpretation, running now on to the higher platform, now abased in the dust twisting like worms, now turning to cry to me, gesticulating what I was too dull to understand. Or it has been a shadow show, with liturgy for the sheet, and the Person of God for the light; great confused movements have come and gone; and, from behind, groaning and singing, death screams and laughter, have continually sounded. And at the end the great Mother of us all has turned to me, smiling and weeping. "Well," she has said to me, "you have seen the shadow of the shadow of truth—a little coarse daub of reality. What have you to say? . . . Have you anything to say? . . . What do you think of yourself and God now?"

Where, then, can I begin? I suppose with Tenebrae.

Each evening, for three nights, we assembled towards dusk, taking our seats in the echoing stone church, and waited, looking up at the cold altar and the stone-floored sanctuary. There were a few lights here and there, enough to read by, and on the right stood a peak of burning candles. There came

a sound of footsteps, and through the gloom came two priests walking slowly, followed by a troop of men and boys; presently they were in their places, and after a silence, simple as a country show, began the play.

Now, I do not propose to talk liturgically, but merely to describe my general impressions.

It seemed to me that each evening, deepening in power and pathos each time, a kind of gigantic Figure grew upon the dark air. I scarcely know who He was: sometimes it was simply He whom we call Jesus Christ. Yes, I think it was He, really, all the while; but it was not as I had always pictured Him to myself, and as the plain Gospel presents Him. It was much more than that. I saw emotions, agonies, and smiles, that I had not suspected. Strange persons, curious old prophets, veiled shadows seemed to hold up lanterns to light Him, and to voice what He left unsaid. Evening by evening He stood there, moved from side to side, groaned, yearned, expostulated, and suffered; "Save me, O God!" He moaned; "the waters are come in even to my soul. . . . I am become a stranger to my brethren. . . . God, help me! Lord, delay not! . . . Leave me not! . . ." And when words failed Him, His comforters who could not help Him, took up His lamentation, telling us that His travail was the travail of the world, and pointing us to the City of God itself, lying desolate through His woe. Yes, it was Jesus Christ; but I have never before understood what it was that He meant when He named Himself *Son of Man.*

For it was all mankind that stood there in His Person—He Himself became sin and ruin Incarnate, He was Penitent as well as Priest, Sinner as well as Saviour, a worm and no man, as well as Eternal God. For an hour or two each evening I saw heaven and earth as one thing—glory and shame rushed together into one whirling core of agony: despair and hope, faith and darkness, love and hate, fused before my eyes. The infinite expressed itself finitely, and the finite soared into the illimitable—and the pity of all was that the supreme horror was enacted in a Heart like my own. *The Word became Flesh.* The infinite sea was compressed into the compass of a single soul.

Well, well; it is of no use to write like this! But does no one understand, any more? . . .

What deepened the terror was the extinction of the candles. One by one the stars went out, with frightful deliberation, and each was like the putting out of an eye, or the slow turn of a rack. My heart cried out for a blaze of light, protesting against dying in the dark; but one by one, with long pauses, they went out. (Did that man in the surplice, I wonder, know what he was doing?) There was only one left after a while; but of that I shall speak presently.

Now, at times there was a break in that monotonous recital of pain. One at a lectern chanted out a comment in a kind of wailing melody that rose and fell, as a dying man who has been long silent might croon out a tune, very slowly, note by note, up and down; and, then, as if the tension would

break our hearts altogether, there came a gush of lamentable harmony that was like the sudden smell of autumn and the ruddy gleam of sunset, penetrating a silent death-chamber.

"O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" sang the boys, "turn to the Lord thy God." That was all.

Well, well; even at this distance of time, writing as I am in the sunlit glory of Easter morning, it seems as if I could not bear it. But worse was to come.

We were stilled at last, all of us, I think, into a kind of resignation. It seemed useless to strive. We were driven down into the lowest depth, and lay there passive and helpless, as Jesus turned His great eyes upon us out of His drawn, sunken face, lit only by a single flame. There was no more to be said. He was there, and we could not help Him. God said it was to be so. And then the cruelty waxed tenfold more poignant; for, no sooner had we come to this and yielded to the darkness and misery, than far above us, out of sunlight, our great Mother lifted up her voice and sang like the Cherubim:

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people."

I think I could have borne anything but that. If I had but been left alone, there was nothing that I could not suffer now; but that happy song was as a sword for pain. Is it anything for wonder that, even as I write these words, my eyes are blinded again with tears? Oh, the cruelty of letting the light into that pit! Yet she did so, flooding us with

sorrow upon sorrow, and shame upon shame; and Jesus Himself sobbed, there, before my eyes, with the exquisite torment. Oh! could she not leave us with the tears of Jeremias, and the soft moaning of David—but that she must mock and pierce us with joy? Yet she sang on and on. . . .

"And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest. . . . To give knowledge of salvation unto His people. . . . Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us: To give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace."

There was a sudden silence; and a voice cried savagely:

"But the traitor gave them a sign, saying: 'Whom I shall kiss is He, hold Him.' "

And the second night:

"They placed above His head His cause written, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

And the third night:

"Women sitting at the sepulchre lamented, weeping for the Lord."

Ah! we were back again at the bottom of the pit, plunged deep, and hope had died again, and Heaven was closed, and Jesus stared at us, streaked with blood, expressionless, blank, and white-faced, rigid and all but dead; and one wailing voice began:

"Christ was made obedient for us unto death . . ." and again silence.

Then a quick, hurried muttering began, as of men in desperate fear at the brink of death, hastily,

hopelessly, as if repeating some charm in despair, on one low, babbling note.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness," and so through the psalm. Then I saw what I had not noticed, and that was that the church was completely dark. There was not a glimmer left. I could see the pale line of surplices on either side of the wide choir, a great pillar gray against the dusk and rising into complete darkness; the solemn pallor of the vaulting. Then, as a voice began from the dark figure kneeling on the bare steps, a flicker shone for an instant in the apse, and a monstrous shadow moved across it. Again silence and complete darkness, then a crash that shook my heart and tore a gasp from my lips, echoing round and round like the roar of doom; and in the stillness that followed a man came out from behind the altar, carrying a single candle. That was the end—darkness, and one star.

II

Of the Maundy Mass, the Sepulchre, and the bloodless sacrifice of Good Friday, it is even harder to write; for instead of one profound emotion there are a thousand; and I could not follow them. It was as a hand dashed across a jubilant harp, and of the incoherent murmur there may be a hundred meanings. Is it in the somber bass, or the mellow mid notes, or the ecstatic trebles that the secret lies?

First, then, the Maundy Mass. The altar is ablaze with lights and gold and flowers, and from a side chapel comes the glow of the expectant tomb.

Three priests are there, gorgeous and brilliant; the Mass begins as usual, quietly splendid; and at the intonation of the *Gloria* there is an event, to me, at any rate, unexpected, which floods the whole soul with a passion that may rise from either torment or bliss. For, as the priest's voice ends, there is a crashing chord from the great organ, and a tumult of bells; and as if a whole heaven of sound had split, the mad riot pours on, moment after moment. The chords melt, change, wax in volume; the air is full of the throbbing bass of the bourdon, the windy bellowing of the tower, and the shrill silver tinkle of the tiny bells gathered from every altar in the church, to greet the new-born Eucharist—on and on till the heart is torn and vibrating, and the brain exalted with music: the three priests sign themselves with the Cross, and there is silence.

When the Mass is over, sung throughout unaccompanied, with a kind of quiet joy the procession is formed, and the Body of the Lord is borne, wafted along on *Pange Lingua,* to the waiting sepulchre, where It shall lie for a day and a night. The walls are decked with flowers, and sheaves of candles stand on either side. There it is laid in solemn joy, censed, and left.

Yet the whole affair is not what it seems. It has an air of sorrow beneath the beauty that rises like the indefinable scent of death from a coffin piled high with flowers and walled with lights. Oh, yes! the vestments are white and gold, the organ peals, the candles flame; but it is no good. It is desper-

ately hard to keep up the exultation. The mind assents, as always, to the liturgical instinct that rejoices over the inauguration of the marriage-supper of the Lamb, but the heart remembers that the Meat and Wine upon the board have been made possible only by the death of the Lamb whom we love. "Eat and drink," cries Wisdom, "see the wine that I have mingled and the bread that I break to you. Lift up your hearts and sing." But, as we watch her, her eyes are full of secret pain, and on her lips a grievous paleness.

It is indeed like that First Supper of which the Gospel tells. "Now is the Son of Man glorified," cries Jesus, with shining eyes and broken Heart, "and God is glorified in Him. . . ." "And when they had sung an hymn they went forth to the mount of Olives." Singing and praising they went out, desperately feigning that all was well; they looked upon the Golden Vine in the Temple courts in the glory of the paschal moon. . . . And there followed the Agony and the Sweat of Blood.

I looked into the church again that afternoon towards sunset, and I knew that I was right. There was the *chapelle ardente* before me, one avenue of white flowers and yellow flames, heavy and redolent, and in the midst, enthroned, lay Jesus Christ in state; not as when He beams through the tabernacle door instinct with life, but with an aspect of dreadful death. His guards were two children, come in from the school next door, with white veils on their heads; and, as I knelt and looked, they presently stood and stretched out their arms cross-

wise, to remember Him better. So they stood, minute after minute, till the slender arms drooped and trembled and rose again resolutely, striving to explain in gesture their pity and love. "Come, then, at Thy Will, heavenly Physician," cried Richard the hermit six centuries ago. "Kindle in my heart a spark of Thy passion, of love and of pity, to quicken it with."

Yet Jesus was not dead yet. But to this Church who lives in eternity, who still greets Mary as she kneels in Nazareth, and views the Judge coming even now upon the clouds of heaven—this Church to whom time is nothing, to whom space is nothing —nothing more than imagined lines on the globe of eternity—since she adores the Body of God at one moment in ten thousand places—to this Church all things are possible. She buries her Lord on Thursday and raises Him on Friday, crucifies Him ten minutes later, and sings her Easter Mass while He yet lies in the tomb. It is all one to her—Calvary, Bethlehem, Heaven—for she *"sees God in a point."*

On Friday, then, the climax comes, and it is as simple as the death of a child.

First, then, I saw three priests in black and white approach the altar. There was some reading from a book, a collect or two, the singing of the Passion —a long song of mournful recitative by various voices; a number of prayers. The peace and stability of the Church, a blessing on Christ's Vicar, the Bishop of the diocese, on all clerks, catechumens, and the world, comfort for mourners, conversion for heretics, Jews, and heathens—this was what

was asked as we stood on Golgotha. Then followed the adoration of the Cross.

How can I describe that, except by saying that it was the simplest thing I have ever seen, as clear and natural as a pool of water, and yet as bitter as brine? The crucifix, laid as if for tenderness' sake on a soft cushion, is approached by all who are present. I, too, went up—I, a heretic and outcast, for Jesus Christ came to save sinners—and I knelt there, trembling, between two boys who seemed to tend that wounded Figure, wiping His feet softly after each kiss. And I kissed the smooth ivory, too, above the nail . . . and He did not strike me!

One thing, too, I saw; an old woman came up the stones on her knees, moaning and muttering, wrapped in a shawl; and she kissed Him, as a mother might, on His pierced feet, His bruised knees, His wounded side. . . . My God! how beautiful that was! And all the while there pealed the reproaches.

"Oh! My people, what have I done to thee? In what have I grieved thee? Tell me! Tell me! I brought thee out of Egypt: and thou hast prepared a cross for their Saviour."

Then followed a roar of Greek, strange and sonorous:

"Agios O Theos . . . Agios ischyros . . . Agios athanatos eleeson imas."

So, as in a delirium a man talks in a long-forgotten tongue, now, when her heart is rent, the Catholic Church drops twenty centuries without an

effort, and speaks as she spoke underground in Rome, and in Paul's hired house, and in Crete and Alexandria and Jerusalem.

"I planted thee, My lovely vineyard," moaned the choir, "and thou hast been bitter to Me. With vinegar thou didst quench My thirst, and with a lance didst pierce the Side of their Saviour. . . . I scourged Egypt for thee; and thou hast given Me to scourging. . . . I drowned Pharaoh for their sake, and thou hast betrayed Me to the priests. . . . I opened a way for thee through the Red Sea, and with a lance thou hast opened My side. . . . I fed thee with manna in the wilderness, and thou hast wounded Me with blows and scourgings. . . . I gave thee wholesome water from the rock, and thou hast given Me gall and vinegar. . . . I gave to thee a royal sceptre, and thou hast crowned Me with thorns. . . . Oh! My people, what have I done to thee, that thou dost use Me so?"

Then we went all together to the tomb, and brought out His very Body, shouting as we went in terrible glee how the banners of the King go forth, glorifying the Cross that we made for Him and on which He hangs, praising the Fount of Salvation. We laid It upon the altar, censed It in silence, and so moved on to the end, in incoherent haste.

There is no sacrifice on this day, for all is sacrifice. There is no need for the Holy Ghost to come down, to make the Body of the Son, and touch the Father's Heart, for to-day all the world is Calvary. Yet fragments of the Mass are uttered as by a

dreaming priest. The *Paternoster* is sung; the prayers are said, the Host is consumed; and in an instant all is over, the black clouds topple over, the gulf is filled, the rending rocks are still again; and I—I was as a man who awakes and sees the sunlight in his room. . . .

HOLY SATURDAY

"As when a man awakes and sees the sunlight in his room." This is the secret of Holy Saturday.

Many years ago I was in Italy, where the air is like water, and the water like wine. Morning by morning I awoke to the crying of the swifts outside, drawing long icy breaths of freshness, seeing the netted sunshine shake on the ceiling from the jug of water on the floor, hearing the rustle of the leaves below my window. There, in Italy, the morning struck the key of the day; the world was alive there, and as good as God made it, and everything was in His hand. . . .

Now, on Holy Saturday the Catholic Church is in just such a mood as that. She is as simple as the sunshine, as happy as the birds, as melodious as the rustle of branches. But it is morning, not noon. Christ is rising, but not yet in mid-heaven; and she springs from her bed of sorrows to make all ready for Him. He will be here presently.

First, then, there must be fire to meet Him with, lights and torches, for the garden is yet in tender twilight; and there must be water to wash Him with, to take clean away the smell of the tomb, and the aloes, and the myrrh. He, being dead, dieth

no more. Water, too, not vinegar, for Him to drink—light again and water through which He may be seen and handled by her blinder children—for is He not the Light of the World and the Water of Life? light and water once more, that He may lighten those that sit in darkness and satisfy those that thirst after righteousness.

So we went down in the early dawn, all together, the priests still in purple, leading us to where a brazier burned in the porch. From outside blew in the morning breeze, carts rattled over the stones, contemptuous strangers eyed us through the door. But it did not matter; we were bent on great affairs.

First the red coals were blessed, for is not the Church the Lady-Mistress of the world?—all things are hers, for she is Christ's and Christ is God's. Those coals had been lighted from a flint, for God's Spouse is older than the Stone Age, as well as younger than yesterday, God is named by her as the Father of Lights—an exquisite title—and begged to bless this fire because He made it and loves it. It is Brother Fire now, as that dear child St. Francis called it. He must not rage and storm any more; he must burn demurely in lamps, and if he dances it must only be piously and on the summit of a candlestick. The five large gilded things are blessed and sprinkled with the last drops of holy water. I whispered to a boy to tell me what they were—for we were all very homely and happy in the porch that morning—and he told me, Incense for the Candle.

Then the deacon took off his purple, and put on

instead a large white dalmatic, stiff with gold. He took into his hand a pole surmounted by three twisted candles and wreathed with flowers, and went through into the church. When I came after, just behind the others, he was lighting it from the new holy fire. Then he straightened it, and there was a flame like a yellow flower perched on one of the wicks; he knelt, and simultaneously sang out at the top of his voice:

"Lumen Christi!"

And the choir roared:

"Thanks be to God!"

Three times he did that, raising his voice a tone or two at each repetition. He did not sing it very well: but did that matter? For we were going even now with Mary and Salome through the scented garden; virgins to meet the Bridegroom, lovers to keep tryst with the Beloved; and the three lights swayed as we went.

There was a little going to and fro at the altar, as we of the laity—and I, not even of that—stumbled into our seats; and, when I had regained my composure, that deacon was standing at a lectern, drawing a long breath, with a little group about him attentive and eager. Beyond, not a yard away, stood the huge bronze candlestick.

Then he began to sing. . . .

It was a song such as none but a Christian could ever sing. It soared, dropped, quavered, leapt again, laughed, danced, rippled, sank, leapt once more, on and on, untiring and undismayed, like a stream running clear to the sea. Angels, earth,

trumpets, Mother Church, all nations and all peoples sang in its singing. We, "dearest brothers," as he named us (and I a heretic!), were bidden to join with him—*him,* he said in charming parenthesis, who was quite unworthy of being numbered among the Levites—in imploring God Almighty and Merciful to glorify this wax-candle through Jesus Christ who lives and reigns through all ages. We were to lift up our hearts, to thank God, because such was fitting. It was He who had paid the debt of Adam, and washed us in His Blood. This is the day and this the night on which Irsael came out of Egypt, and the pillar of fire burned through the dark. This is the night of supremest grace, for Christ rose in it, burst the bands of death, and soared from Hell. O inestimable love of charity! O most necessary sin of Adam! O blessed, blessed fault which brought down such a Redeemer! O more than blessed night! For this is the night that is clear as the day. This is the night that banishes darkness, washes sins, gives innocence to the foul, and joy to the unhappy—that puts hatred to flight, brings peace to the birth, and all things in subjection to Jesus Christ!

Have you ever heard such a song as this—such a wealth of divine contradiction, delirious paradox, and childlike wisdom?

Presently, after fixing the five incense grains into the soft, wholesome wax-candle (it was at least twelve feet high, by the way), he was off again in his song, beseeching God this time to receive this evening sacrifice, prepared from the labor of bees

by the pains of Holy Church. Then he lit the candle, and it was lifted to its place high above all heads, while he drew a lesson or two from its composition. Then as boys dispersed in all directions, each with a taper tipped with holy fire, to light every lamp in the place, the deacon settled down again indefatigably in his praises of this holy night, and in his entreaties that God would hear his singing, and see the burning candle, and bless every one in the world, clergymen, people, and Pope. And so he ended; and I, in my stiff pew, smiled all over my face with sheer joy and love.

I thought a great deal about it all as I sat down for the next three-quarters of an hour while the interminable prophecies were read. I had meant to attend to them, but I was far too much moved. Of course I had read about these ceremonies, but I had never seen them before, nor heard that amazing song. . . . I wonder if anyone will think me irreverent in my thoughts. He will be wrong if he does, for I am as sure as I can be that this is more or less what the Catholic Church meant me to think. She wished me to be as happy as a child—happy because Jesus Christ was risen; and because she was happy. . . . Well, well; I must get on.

The blessing of the water was as joyous as the blessing of the fire.

We all went down to the font, singing that, as the hunted hart pants after water-brooks, so panted our souls after God. We were thirsty for God, we said, for tears had been our only drink. Then we came to the baptistery, and there was that

deep, cool, dusky pool of water shot through with one clear sunbeam.

Here again God was prayed to bless the sweetest of His elements—the water that washes souls, the water on which His Spirit moved—and to open a river of salvation to all that He has made. All evil things were to leave this cool, innocent creature; they were not to interfere with God Almighty's plans. And then, as if His Spirit indeed had given it life, the priest turned to that quiet pool and spoke to it as to a man.

"Yes: it is thee I bless, thou creature of water, thee whom God once set apart from dull earth; thee, who dost flow to us straight from Paradise in four streams; thee, who quenched Israel's thirst in Arabia. Yes; I bless thee, thou dear water, once turned into wine by Jesus Christ. He walked on thee with His blessed feet; He was baptized with thee by John; He poured thee from His Side; He sent thee out into all the world to wash His children's sins away.

"Then let God bless this creature, and send down His Holy Spirit—like—this—candle—into—it!"

There followed pourings of oil—oil which, after all, is but water transmuted by divine power in the heart of the olive tree. And so presently we were back again, singing the Litany of the Saints with all our hearts, and the priests, for the last time, lay flat upon their faces like dead corpses before the altar. . . .

I cannot go on. Is it not too good to be true?

And I have no part in it, anyhow. I was an intruder upon these secrets—for I am a heretic.

Or was I not rather like some child peering through the bars of a palace garden? Within, royalty goes to and fro, music sounds, banners wave, bewildering glory moves up and down. But how happy it made me! And at least I have this encouragement, that, though I may not yet receive the children's Bread, yet fire and water are the common heritage of all. God, who has made the sun and the sea, who shines and rains upon just and unjust alike, will not be angry with me because I loved to see how He can deal with plain things, how He can make water holy as well as beautiful, and fire to lighten souls as well as eyes. . . .

Ah! there comes the crash of bells once more, the roar of the organ, as the white priests bow before the flaming altar; and there is no tragic silence to follow as on Thursday. All is splendor now. . . .

Fire is holy. . . . Water is clean. . . . Christ is risen. . . . God bless us all!

THE VERY REVEREND CANON DOMENICO PUCCI, D.D.*

(*Domestic Prelate to His Holiness*)

By MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL

I had told myself many a time that it was spendthrift folly to travel first-class. I even asseverated continually the fatuous lie that second-class was quite as nice as first. But to-day, a fit of good conduct being upon me, I was firmly resolved to go second.

The queue at the ticket-office was long, my place in it very far back, the ticket-clerk, even for a Tuscan railway official, unusually slow. There were but five minutes to spare when I got to the window.

"A second single to Pistoia, please!" I said, wincing as with an effort I got out the objectionable word "second."

The ticket-clerk was grieved but polite. "I only distribute third-class tickets here, signore," he answered. "Have the complacency to step to the adjoining window."

I glanced at the adjoining window. There was another long queue there, another very deliberate

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clerk. If I took up my place at the end of the tail I should certainly miss the train. There was no time to hesitate, and so in despair I plunged, feeling very heroic indeed. "Then favor me," I said, "with a third single to Pistoia!"

But the prospect was not alluring. There are no padded third-class carriages on the Adriatic line. A number of hillmen back from the winter's work in Corsica were returning to their mountain homes above Pistoia. Each carried a large sack of unfragrant wearing apparel; some of them had dogs between their knees, all of them spades, hoes, rakes, walking-staves, great gourds, and a variety of impedimenta that littered the carriages across and across. It was near the dinner hour too; the windows would be all tight shut, and oh horror! garlic would be consumed, and its redolence would remain. I walked up and down the train anxiously spying into every carriage. Near the engine I noticed a compartment nearly empty, and I noticed, what decided me to enter, a priest in one corner of it, for the Tuscan peasant still respects the priest, and I felt he would be some sort of protection.

I got in and sat down opposite to him. He was deep in the Florence Ultramontane paper, the *Unita Cattolica,* but raised his eyes as I seated myself, and acknowledged my presence. I bowed in return, but he was already back in his paper, so I had nothing better to do than to observe and study him. He was an old man, with close-cropped hair and the mildest pair of old eyes that I have ever seen. His forehead was low and narrowish, but the nose was

large, aquiline, and finely cut, indicating intellect and a certain firmness of purpose. He was refined-looking to the finger-tips, nay, aristocratic, with the clear mark of old family stamped on his whole being. What struck me was the extreme neatness and cleanliness of his apparel. The white Roman collar and white cuffs were spotless, the steel buckles on his shoes shone brightly, the long black cassock with its myriad buttons, the broad-brimmed plush hat, seemed cared for and well brushed. A little bit of Roman purple silk, showing at the top of the cassock below the collar agreeably set off the thin, white, wrinkled face. I could not help thinking what a pleasing picture he would make against the red velvet cushions of an Adriatic first-class compartment, and, priest though he was, how much more natural it would have been for such a refined gentleman to be there. I wished that we were both there. Also I wished to talk to him, but knew not how to begin.

Before we reached Pisa he neatly folded his paper and commenced to gaze out of the window in an upward direction, as if he were more concerned with the things of Heaven than the beauties of the landscape. His thoughts were pleasant evidently; a faint smile played about the lips, and the whole face reflected a good conscience and a sanctified interior. Death might come and welcome—that, too, the face seemed to convey. The pale blue eyes, I saw, were milder and more beautiful than I had supposed; they spoke in the gentlest manner of

clemency and illimitable loving-kindness. Yes, I really must get into conversation with him.

But there was no time, even if my unready tongue had found a suitable phrase, for he produced a big breviary and began to read in it earnestly, almost audibly, his lips moving the whole time. A pang of annoyance shot through me. I wanted more and more to talk to him. "You are reading that big book to impress me," I said to myself, for it is the layman's birthright to suspect every ecclesiastic of hypocrisy. "And you are moving your lips to impress me," I went on. "Only it doesn't. I should think more of you if you were less ostentatious." Charitable thoughts truly, and how unjust I now know well enough. The Catholic Church obliges her priests to read the Canonical Hours every day, and the priest may not read the Office to himself; if not actually said aloud, he is at least obliged to form every word with his lips, and that alone was the reason why the good man opposite me was moving his lips.

As the train lumbered into Lucca Station, the priest closed his book and crossed himself. Then he rose to leave us. From underneath the seat, willing hands preventing him, his bag was dragged forth, a real carpet bag with mauve roses on a black ground, and with a slight bow to me and a cheery *buona sera* and *buon viaggio* to the whole company he alighted, and I saw him no more. Why did I not speak to him? If I had, what would his conversation have been like? If I had, I should have prevented him from the better enter-

tainment of saying his Office. I went on musing about him for a while, but he passed out of my mind and thoughts altogether at the sight of the rich beauties of the Valley of the Nievole, which the train had now entered.

. . . . . .

I returned home from Pistoia a fortnight later, and on the afternoon of the same day noticed an unusual stir in front of the Cathedral in the big piazza. The lintel of the main entrance was draped with black, silver-fringed hangings. A continual stream of people of all classes was passing in and out of the Cathedral. There was a hush upon them, and a look of concern in every face. What could be the matter, I wondered?

"What is the matter?" I asked of an old beggar-woman who was seated on the steps lustily beseeching the passing *buoni Cristiani* for alms.

"Do you not know, signore?" she replied. "The Canonico Pucci is dead!" A feeling groan escaped her lips.

"And who was the Canonico Pucci?" I inquired.

The woman looked up at me in amazement. "You are a stranger, signore, or you are rich. Otherwise you would know. He was the friend of the poor, a saint, a man of a family, who stripped himself of everything for the poor. He was poorer than the poor for all that he looked such a great gentleman. We beggars took all we could get when he was rich, but for a long time we have hidden away when we saw him coming. He would give us his last *soldo,* and you dare not refuse—he was

such a *gran signore.* But often he had not food to eat. He was a real saint, I tell you, and people have found it out now that he is dead. His body is lying in state in there. Go in and see; he looks such an angel, bless his dear face."

I dropped a coin into her hand and stood awhile under the portico, listening to the conversation of animated groups.

"What nonsense, I tell you! He rich! Why, the Canons of the Duomo get but four hundred francs a year. They say there were but five *soldi* found in his room when he died."

"But he was of the family of the Counts Pici of Prato, and he was a prelate of his Holiness."

"Maybe! But he was a prodigal, only he spent all his patrimony on the poor as you or I might do on pleasures. You couldn't trust him with money for himself. He had a hole in his hand, as the proverb says. He used to keep twenty families going out of the allowance his cousin the Count made him, and, when the Count found out what he was doing, he stopped it. As for being a prelate of his Holiness, that brings you in no money. I tell you he was living on a franc and a half a day, and giving charity out of that!"

"But I have been in his comfortable sitting-room!" said another voice.

"Nonsense! that wasn't *his* sitting-room. He had but one room, a small bedroom with a little iron bedstead in it. The *padrona di casa* used to lend him her best sitting-room to receive people in. He was very proud, was the Canonico Pucci.

He loved to be poor, but not to seem poor. He was a very fine gentleman, the Canonico; look how neat and bright his clothes always were."

"Well, the truth is coming out now. There were many who thought him rich."

"The poor knew well enough he wasn't."

"Nonsense, I tell you! The Sisters never paid him a halfpenny for his services as Chaplain to the Children's Hospital."

"The Sisters gave him a bit of carpet for his bedroom, but he sold it for the poor. The Mother Superior's just found it out."

"There'll be weeping and wailing among the children at the Spedalino to-day. They say he dearly loved the little ones."

"They say it was cancer he died of. And no one knew it. He hadn't an armchair to sit in, or a bit of fire through the winter. And he should have been having good nourishing food. But you couldn't do anything for him—even the Sisters couldn't."

"He's lived poor, but he'll have the funeral of a Cardinal. All the Confraternities are coming, they say, and all the Orders and the parochial committees."

"Well, his soul's in Paradise, that's certain!" My pulses stirred by this Hosanna of highest praise, I passed into the Cathedral. What an immense stream of people, to be sure! What excitement! What a number of poor and ragged creatures! They cannot keep silent. There is a hum of talk sounding irreverent in the sacred building, but being in

reality only a hymn of praise. At the far end of the Cathedral I saw a tall, stately catafalque of black and gold, and underneath it, on a black draped bier, an open coffin in which lay the body of an ecclesiastic. Six towering candlesticks with lighted candles stood round the catafalque. I neared it with difficulty. And then a pang gripped my heart and a mist came over my eyes. I might have guessed it surely from the disjointed talk I had heard a moment before. But I did not. It came as a surprise, a shock, and it left me with the heartache. There before me, clad in purple silk cassock and gray fur amice, the buckles on his shoes shining brightly in the flickering candlelight, a Divinity Doctor's biretta on his head, and a silver crucifix pressed in the thin hands clasped across his breast —there before me lay in the sweetest sleep of death the old priest with whom I had traveled in a third-class carriage little more than a fortnight before! I could not stop to gaze long at the sweet, placid face, to wonder what words would have come across the smiling lips had I spoken to him, to reproach myself for my hard thoughts of him: the constant stream carried me forcibly back to the door.

"There'll be a grand funeral to-night. Shall you go, Gianni?"

"Eh, *sfido!* And you?"

"Eh! I should think so!"

And so shall I, I resolved.

I got back to the Cathedral at eight o'clock. There was no getting in for the crowds. But I could look in, and I saw that the bishop himself,

in black cope and plain white mitre, was officiating. The coffin, still on the bier, was closed now, and covered with many garlands of flowers. There were wreaths, too, hanging on the four posts of the catafalque.

The procession began to form, and the crowds poured out of the church. It was a wonderful procession. Children of several orphanages, Sisters of several Orders, the Sisters of St. Vincent and Paul from the Spedalino, with their big starched white caps; Brothers of the Archconfraternity of the Misericordia, in black linen gowns and black masks; Brothers of the Purification, with their broad white collars, all the parish confraternities, representatives of many Orders in their habits—Friars Minor, Capuchins, Dominicans, Crutched Friars, Augustinian Friars, Barnabites, and Vallombrosans from the monastery on the hill; a long file of the secular clergy, the priests from the Armenian and Greek Uniat Churches, the Maronite Chaplain, the Bishop and full Chapter of Canons, and closing the procession the state-hearse of the Misericordia, smothered in a profusion of flowers. Every man and woman in the long array carried a flaming torch or candle. Behind the hearse there walked a multitude of the Canon's best friends—the blind, the maimed, the halt, the ragged and tattered, the scum and offscourings of the city, struggling for precedence. From the crowd which followed, and the crowds which lined the streets, there surged an uncomfortable sound of sobbing, which rose to loud-voiced, heart-piercing lamenta-

tions as the procession slowly defiled through the poorer quarters of the town. I followed to the city gates, where the procession broke up. All the streets of the city were animated with the returning crowds, and the hosanna of praise continued to swell on every side. It had indeed been an imposing demonstration, and all for a man who had never written a book, or made a speech, or done a single public act; who the day before had been unknown to half the city, whose fame was not of his seeking but the creation of the poor, whose only claim to public honors was that he had been beloved of the poor and had lived like one of them.

THE FOURTH ORDER OF HUMANITY*

By FRANCIS THOMPSON

In the beginning of things came man, sequent to him woman; on woman followed the child, and on the child the doll. It is a climax of development; and the crown of these is the doll.

To the doll's supremacy in beauty woman's self bears testimony, implicit, if unconscious. For ages has she tricked her face in pigment, and her brows in alien hair; her contours she has filled to counterfeit roundness, her eyes and lashes tinged: and all in a frustrate essay to compass by Art what in the doll is right of Nature. Even the child exhibits distinct inferiorities. It is full of thwartness and eating and drinking, and selfulness (selfishness were a term too dully immitigate), and a plentiful lack of that repose wherein the doll is nearest to the quiet gods. For my own part, I profess that much acquaintance only increases my consideration for this fourth order of humanity: always excepting the very light-blue-eyed doll, in whose regard there is a certain chill *hauteur* against which my diffidence is not proof.

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Consider the life of dolls. At the whim of some *debonair* maternal tyranness, they veer on every wind of mutability; are the sport of imputed moods, suffer qualities over which they have no election—are sorry or glad, indocile or amiable, at their mistress' whim and mandate; they are visited with stripes, or the soft aspersion of kisses; with love delectably persecuted, or consigned to the clement quiet of neglect; exalted to the dimple of their mistress' cheek, or dejected to the servile floor; rent and mutilated, or rocked and murmured over; blamed or petted, berated or loved. Nor why it is thus or thus with them, are they any wise witting; wherefore these things should be, they know not at all.

Consider the life of us—
Oh, my cousins the dolls!

Some consciousness, I take it there was, some secret sense of this occult co-rivalry in fate, which withheld me even in childhood from the youthful male's contempt for these short-lived parasites of the nursery. I questioned, with wounded feelings, the straitened feminine intolerance which said to the boy: "Thou shalt not hold a baby; thou shalt not possess a doll." In the matter of babies, I was hopeless to shake the illiberal prejudice; in the matter of dolls, I essayed to confound it. By eloquence and fine diplomacy I wrung from my sisters a concession of dolls; whence I date my knowledge of the kind.

But ineluctible sex declared itself. I dramatized

them; I fell in love with them; I did not father them; intolerance was justified of its children. One in particular I selected, one with surpassing fairness crowned, and bowed before the fourteen inches of her skirt. She was beautiful. She was one of Shakespeare's heroines. She was an amity of inter-removed miracles; all wrangling excellencies at pact in one sole doll; the frontiers of jealous virtues marched in her, yet trespassed not against her peace. I desired for her some worthy name, and asked of my mother: Who was the fairest among living women? Laughingly was I answered that I was a hard questioner, but that perhaps the Empress of the French bore the bell for beauty. Hence, accordingly, my Princess of puppetdom received her style; and at this hour, though she has long since vanished to some realm where all sawdust is wiped forever from dolls' wounds, I cannot hear that name but the Past touches me with a rigid agglomeration of small china fingers.

But why with childhood and with her should I close the blushing recital of my puppetloves? Men are but children of a larger growth; and your statue, I warrant me, is but your crescent doll. Wherefore, then, should I leave unmemorized the statue which thralled my youth in a passion such as feminine mortality was skill-less to instigate? Nor at this let any boggle; for *she* was a goddess. Statue I have called her; but indeed she was a bust, a head, a face—and who that saw that face could have thought to regard further? She stood nameless in the gallery of sculptural casts which she strangely

deigned to inhabit; but I have since learned that men called her the Vatican Melpomene. Rightly stood she nameless, for Melpomene she never was: never went words of hers from bronzed lyre in tragic order; never through *her* enspelled lips moaned any syllables of woe. Rather, with her leaf-twined locks, she seemed some strayed Bacchante, indissolubly filmed in secular reverie. The expression which gave her divinity resistless I have always suspected for an accident of the cast; since in frequent engravings of her prototype I never met any such aspect. The secret of this indecipherable significance, I slowly discerned, lurked in the singularly diverse set of the two corners of the mouth; so that her profile wholly shifted its meaning according as it was viewed from the right or left. In one corner of her mouth the little languorous firstling of a smile had gone to sleep; as if she had fallen a-dream, and forgotten that it was there. The other had drooped, as of its own listless weight, into a something which guessed at sadness; guessed, but so as indolent lids are easily grieved by the pricks of the slate-blue dawn. And on the full countenance those two expressions blended to a single expression inexpressible; as if pensiveness had played the Maenad, and now her arms grew heavy under the cymbals. Thither each evening, as twilight fell, I stole to mediate and worship the baffling mysteries of her meaning: as twilight fell, and the blank noon surceased arrest upon her life, and in the vaguening countenance the eyes broke out from their daylong ambuscade. Eyes of violet

blue, drowsed-amorous, which surveyed me not, but looked ever beyond, where a spell enfixed them.

Waiting for something, not for me.

And I was content. Content; for by such tenure of unnoticedness I knew that I held my privilege to worship: had she beheld me, she would have denied, have contemned my gaze. Between us, now, are years and tears: but the years waste her not, and the tears wet her not; neither misses she me nor any man. There, I think, she is standing yet; there, I think, she will stand forever: the divinity of an accident awaiting a divine thing impossible, which can never come to her, and she knows this not.

For I reject the vain fable that the ambrosial creature is really an unspiritual compound of lime, which the gross ignorant call plaster of Paris. If Paris indeed had to do with her, it was he of Ida. And for him, perchance, she waits.

MODERN ROME*

By CHARLES BULLARD FAIRBANKS

"Aguecheek"

Acknowledging as I do the charms which the Rome of antiquity possesses for me, it must still be confessed that the Rome of the present time enchants me with attractions scarcely less potent. Religion has consecrated many of the spots which history had made venerable, and thus added a new lustre to their associations. I turn from the broken columns and gray moulding walls of old Rome to those fanes, "so ancient, yet so new," in which the piety of centuries has found its enduring expression. Beneath their sounding arches, by the mild light of the lamps that burn unceasingly around their shrines, who would vex his brain with antiquarian lore? We may notice that the pavement is worn away by the multitudes which have been drawn thither by curiosity or devotion; but we feel that Heaven's chronology is not an affair of months and years, and that Peter and Paul, Gregory and Leo, are not mere personages in a drama upon the first acts of which the curtain long since descended. Who thinks of antiquity while he inhabits that world of art which Rome encloses

* From *Essays.*

within her walls? Those are not the triumphs of a past age alone; they are the triumphs of to-day. The Apollo's bearing is not less manly, its step not less elastic, than it was in that remote age when its unknown sculptor threw aside his chisel and gazed upon his finished work. To-day's sunshine is not more clear and golden than that which glows in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, though he who thus made the sunbeams his servants has been sleeping for nearly two centuries in the dusty vaults of *Trinita de Monti*. Were Raphael's deathless faces more real while he was living than they are now? Were Guido's and Domenichino's triumphs more worthy of admiration while the paint was wet upon them? or were the achievements of that giant of art, Michelangelo, ever more wonderful than now? No; these great works take no note of time, and confer upon the city which contains them something of their own immortality.

I have heard people regret that so many of our artists should expatriate themselves, and spend their lives in Rome or Florence. To me, however, nothing seems more natural; and if I were a painter, or a sculptor, I feel certain that I should share the common weakness of the profession for a place of residence in harmony with my art. What sympathy can a true artist feel with a state of society in which he is regarded by nine people out of ten as a useless member, because he does not directly aid in the production of a given quantity of grain or of cloth? Every stroke of his brush, every movement of his hands in moulding the obedient clay,

is a protest against the low, mean, materialistic views of life which prevail among us; and it is too much to ask of any man that he shall spend his days in trying to live peaceably in an enemy's camp. When figs and dates become common articles of food in Lapland, and the bleak sides of the hills of New Hampshire are adorned with the graceful palm tree and the luxuriant foliage of the tropics, you may expect art to flourish in a community whose god is commerce, and whose chief religious duty is money-getting.

Truly the life of an artist in Rome is about as near the perfection of earthly happiness as is commonly vouchsafed to mortal man. The tone of society, and all the surroundings of the artist, are so congenial that no poverty nor privation can seriously interfere with them. The streets, with their architectural marvels, the trim gardens and picturesque cloisters of the old religious establishments, the magnificent villas of the neighborhood of the city, and the vast mysterious Campagna, with its gigantic aqueducts and its purple atmosphere, and those glorious galleries which at the same time gratify the taste of the artist and feed his ambition—these are things which are as free to him as the blessed sunlight or the water that sparkles in the countless fountains of the Holy City. I do not wonder that artists who have lived any considerable time in Rome are discontented with the feverish restlessness of our American way of life, and that, after "stifling the mighty hunger of the heart" through two or three wearisome years

in our Western world, they turn to Rome as to a fond mother, upon whose breast they may find that peace which they had elsewhere sought in vain.

The churches of Rome impress me in a way which I have never heard described by any other person. I do not speak of St. Peter's (that "noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honor of the Creator"), nor do I refer to those other magnificent basilicas in which the Christian glories of eighteen centuries sit enthroned. These have a dignity and majesty peculiarly their own, and the most thoughtless cannot tread their ancient pavement without being for the time subdued into awe and veneration. But the parish churches of Rome, the churches of the various religious orders and congregations, and those numerous little temples which are so thickly scattered through the city, attract me in a manner especially fascinating. There is an air of coziness and at-home-ativeness about them which cannot be found in the grander fanes. Some of them seem by their architectural finish to have been built in some fine street or square, and to have wandered off in search of quiet to their present secluded positions. It is beneath their arches that the Roman people may be seen. Before those altars you may see men, women, and children kneeling, their lips scarcely moving with the petitions which are heard only in another world. No intruding tourists, eye-glassed and Murrayed, interfere with their devotions, and the silence of the sacred place is unbroken, save by the rattling of a rosary, or at stated times by the swell

of voices from the choir chapel. These are the places where the real power of the Catholic religion makes itself felt more unmistakably than in the grandest cathedrals, where every form and sound is eloquent of worship. I remember with pleasure that once in London, as I was passing through that miserable quarter which lies between Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace, I was attracted by the appearance of a number of people who were entering a narrow doorway. One or two stylish carriages, with crests upon their panels, and drivers in livery, stood before the dingy building which seemed to wear a mysterious air of semi-cleanliness in the midst of the general squalor. I followed the strange collection of the representatives of opulence and the extremest poverty through a long passage-way, and found myself in a large room which was tastefully fitted up for a Catholic chapel. The simplicity of the place, joined with its strictly ecclesiastical look, the excellent music, the crowded and devout congregation, and the almost breathless attention which was paid to the simple and persuasive eloquence of the preacher, who was formerly one of the chief ornaments of the established church, whose highest honors he had cast aside that he might minister more effectually to the poor and despised—all these things astonished and delighted me. To see that church preserving, even in its hiddenness and poverty, its regard for the comeliness of God's worship, and adorning that humble chapel in a manner which showed that the spirit which erected the shrines of Westminster, Salisbury, and

York had not died out, carried me back in spirit to the catacombs of Rome, where the early Christians left the abiding evidences of their zeal for the beauty of the house of God. I was at that time fresh from the continent, and my mind was occupied with the remembrance of the gorgeous churches of Italy. Yet, despite my recollection of those "forests of porphyry and marble," those altars of *lapis lazuli,* those tabernacles glittering with gold, and silver, and precious stones, and those mosaics and frescoes whose beauty and variety almost fatigue the sense of the beholder, I must say that it gave me a new sense of the dignity and grandeur of the ancient Church, to see her in the midst of the poverty and obscurity to which she is now condemned in the land which once professed her faith, and was once thickly planted with those institutions of learning and charity which are the proudest monuments of her progress. A large ship, under full sail, running off before a pleasant breeze, is a beautiful sight; but it is by no means so grandly impressive as that of the same ship, under close canvas, gallantly riding out the merciless gale that carried destruction to every unseaworthy craft which came within its reach.

I am not one of those who lament over the millions which have been expended upon the churches of Rome. I am *not* inclined to follow the sordid principle of that apostle who is generally held up rather as a warning than an example, and say that it had been better if the sums which have been devoted to architectural ornament had been with-

held and given to the poor. Religion has no need, it is true, of these visible splendors, any more than of set forms and modes of speech. For it is the heart that believes, and loves, and prays. But we, poor mortals, so enslaved by our senses, so susceptible to external appearances, need everything that can inspire in us a respect for something higher than ourselves, or remind us of the glories of the invisible, eternal world. And can we doubt that He who praised the action of that pious woman who poured the precious ointment upon His sacred head, looks with complacency upon the sacrifices which are made for the adornment of the temples devoted to His worship? Is it a right principle that people who are clad in expensive garments, who are not content unless they are surrounded by carved or enameled furniture, and whose feet tread daily on costly tapestries should find fault with the generous piety which has made the churches of Italy what they are, and should talk so impressively about the beauty of spiritual worship? I have no patience with these advocates for simplicity in everything that does not relate to themselves and their own comforts.

> Shall we serve Heaven with less respect
> Than we do minister to our gross selves?

I care not how simple our private houses may be, but I advocate liberality and splendor in our public buildings of all kinds, for the sake of preserving a due respect for the institutions they enshrine. I remember, in reading one of the old classical writers

—Sallust, I think—in my young days, being greatly impressed by his declaration that private luxury is a sure forerunner of a nation's downfall, and that it is a fatal sign for the dwellings of the citizens to be spacious and magnificent, while the public edifices are mean and unworthy. Purely intellectual as we may think ourselves, we are, nevertheless, somewhat deferential to the external proprieties of life, and I very much doubt whether the most reverential of us could long maintain his respect for the Supreme Court if its sessions were held in a tap-room, or for religion, if its ministers prayed and preached in pea-jackets and top-boots.

Displeasing as is the presence of most of the English-speaking tourists one meets in Rome, there are two places where they delight to congregate, which yet have charms for me that not even Cockney vulgarity nor Yankee irreverence can destroy. The church of the convent of *Trinita de Monti* wins me, in spite of the throng that fills its nave at the hour of evening every Sunday and festival day. Some years since, when I first visited Rome, the music which was heard there was of the highest order of merit. At present the nuns of the Sacred Heart have no such great *artistes* in their community as they had then, but the music of their choir is still one of those things which he who has once heard can never forget. It is the only church in Rome in which I have heard female voices; and, though I much prefer the great male choirs of the basilicas, there is a soothing simplicity in the music at *Trinita de Monti* which goes home

to almost every heart. I have seen giddy and unthinking girls, who laughed at the ceremonial they did not understand, subdued to reverence by those strains, and supercilious Englishmen reduced to the humiliating necessity of wiping their eyes. Indeed, the whole scene is so harmoniously impressive that its enchantment cannot be resisted. The solemn church, lighted only by the twilight rays and the tapers upon the high altar—the veiled forms of the pious sisterhood and their young pupils in the grated sanctuary, the clouding of the fragrant incense, the tinkling of that silvery bell and of the chains of the swinging censer, those ancient and dignified rites, and over all, those clear, angelic voices praying and praising, in litany and hymn—all combine to make up a worship, one moment of which would seem enough to wipe away the memory of a lifetime of folly, and disappointment, and sorrow.

The Sistine Chapel is another place to which I am bound by an almost supernatural fascination. My imperfect eyesight will not permit me to enjoy fully the frescoes that adorn its lofty walls, but I feel that I am in the presence of the great master and some of his mightiest conceptions. I do not know whether the chapel is most impressive in its empty state, or when thronged for some great religious function. In the former condition, its fine proportions and its simplicity satisfy me so completely that I hardly wish for the pomp and splendor which belong to it on great occasions. I know of nothing more grand than the sight of that simple

throne of the Sovereign Pontiff—when it is occupied by that benignant old man, to whom more than two hundred millions of people look with veneration as to a father and a teacher—and surrounded by those illustrious prelates and princes who compose a senate of moral and intellectual worth such as all the world beside cannot parallel. Those venerable figures, those gray hairs, those massive foreheads, and those resplendent robes of office seem to be a part of some great historical picture, rather than a reality before my eyes. There is nothing more severe in actual experience, nor more satisfactory in the recollection, than Holy Week in the Sistine Chapel. The crowd, the fatigue, and the presence of so many sight-seers, who have come with the same feeling that they would attend an opera or a play, are not calculated to increase one's bodily comfort, or to awaken the sentiments proper to so sacred a season as that which is then commemorated. But after these have passed away, there remains the recollection, which time does not diminish, but makes more precious, of that darkening chapel and the bowed-down heads of the Pope and Cardinals, of the music, "yearning like a god in pain," of the melodious woe of the *Miserere,* the plaintive majesty of the Lamentations and the Reproaches, and the shrill dissonance of the shouts of the populace in the Gospel narrative of the crucifixion. These are things which would outweigh a year of fatigue and pain. I know of no greater nor more sincere tribute to the perfections of the Sistine choir, and the genius of Allegri and

Palestrina, than the patience with which so many people submit to be packed, like herring in a box, into that small chapel. But old and gouty as I am, I would gladly undergo all the discomforts of that time to hear those sounds once more.

I hear some people complain of the beggars and wonder why Rome, with her splendid system of charities for the relief of every form of suffering, permits mendicancy. For myself, I am not inclined to complain either of the beggars or of the merciful government, which refuses to look upon them as offenders against its laws. On the contrary, it appears to me rather creditable than otherwise to Rome that she is so far behind the age as not to class poverty with crime among social evils. I have a sincere respect for this feature of the Catholic Church: this regard for the poor as her most precious inheritance, and this unwillingness that her children should think that, because she has organized a vast system of benevolence, they are absolved of the duty of private charity. In this wisdom, which thus provides for the exercise of kindly feelings in alms-giving, may be found one of the most attractive characteristics of the Roman Church. This, no less than the austere religious orders which she has founded, shows in what sense she receives the beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." And the same kind spirit of equality may be seen in her churches and cathedrals, where rich and poor kneel upon the same pavement, before their common God and Saviour, and in her clois-

ters, and universities, and schools, where social distinctions cannot enter.

When I walk through the cloisters of these venerable institutions of learning, or gaze upon the ancient city from *Monte Mario* or, the Janiculum, it seems to me that never until now did I appreciate the world's indebtedness to Rome. Dislike it as we may, we cannot disguise the fact that to her every Christian nation owes, in a great measure, its civilization, its literature, and its religion. The endless empire, which Virgil's muse foretold, is still hers; and, as one of her ancient Christian poets said, those lands which were not conquered by her victorious arms are held in willing obedience by her religion. When I think how all our modern civilization, our art, letters, and jurisprudence sprang originally from Rome, it appears to me that a narrow religious prejudice has prevented our forming a due estimate of her services to humanity. To some, the glories of the ancient empire, the memory of the days when her sovereignty extended from Britain to the Ganges, and her capital counted its inhabitants by millions seem to render all her later history insignificant and dull; but to my mind the moral dignity and power of Christian Rome is as superior to her old military omnipotence as it is possible for the human intellect to conceive. The ancient emperors, with all their power, could not carry the Roman name much beyond the limits of Europe; the rulers who have succeeded them have made the majestic language of Rome familiar to two hemispheres, and have built up, by spiritual

arms, the mightiest empire that the world has ever seen. For me, Rome's most enduring glories are the memories of the times when her great missionary orders civilized and evangelized the countries which her arms had won, when her martyrs sowed the seed of Christianity with their blood, and her confessors illumined the world with their virtues; when her Pontiffs, single-handed, turned back barbarian invasions, or mitigated the severities of the feudal age, or protected the people by laying their ban upon the tyrants who opposed them, or defended the sanctity of marriage, and the rights of helpless women against divorce-seeking monarchs and conquerors. These things are the true fulfilment of the glowing prophecy of Rome's greatness, which Virgil puts into the mouth of Anchises, when Aeneas visits the Elysian Fields and hears from his old father that the mission of the government he is about to found is to rule the world by moral power, to make peace between opposing nations, to spare the subject, and to subdue the proud:

> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> Hae tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

IN MEMORIAM: JOHN BUNNY*

By JOYCE KILMER

There was a clown named Joseph Grimaldi. And when his agile limbs and mobile features were stilled by death there lingered in the minds of the thousands who had laughed at him in Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden only the memory of their mirth.

There was a clown named John Bunny. Now he is dead. But we still may see, and our children's children may see, the gestures and grimaces that made him a welcome visitor in every quarter of the globe. For by grace of the motion-picture camera, John Bunny's art endures.

It is art, this power of conveying ideas without the use of words, of exciting laughter by actually being, instead of saying, a joke. It is the difficult and venerable art of the clown, the art of the shaven-headed mime in variegated robes whose antics drove care from Caesar's furrowed brow, the art of Garrick's harlequin friend, John Rich, and of mirth-compelling Pinkethman, whose "frolic gestures" won the praise of Alexander Pope.

Of course, John Bunny could play in speaking parts. Before he found his real vocation, before

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the motion pictures claimed him as their great comedian, he trod the boards of the "legitimate" stage, and with no small success. He ran the theatrical gamut from minstrelsy to Shakespeare. Annie Russell, Maude Adams, Weber and Fields—these are a few of the stars whose radiance he augmented during the first twenty-five years of his professional life. But to-day the regular drama offers little opportunity to the true clown, and it was not until he appeared on the screen that John Bunny reached his own public—that is, the world.

The word "clown" has fallen of late years into unmerited disrepute. Impressionistic critics of the drama attempt to disparage a comedian by calling him a "mere clown." They might as well call Mr. Sargent a "mere painter," or M. Rodin a "mere sculptor." What they mean is that the comedian of their discontent is not a clown at all. For the grotesquely clad men, with whitened, expressionless faces, who tumble about the circus ring, have no right to the exclusive possession of their title. Indeed, few of them are genuine clowns in the best sense of the word, for most of them cause laughter by obvious horseplay, not by the true clown methods of elaborate pantomime and striking facial contortions.

The greatest comedians have been the greatest clowns. Even the most brilliant lines, spoken most winningly, fail of their effect upon the audience unless the speaker has a clown's power to act with his features. And if a clown be great enough he

may safely dispense with words—as John Bunny did.

The English pantomime even in Thackeray's day had fallen from its once high place. The lovely Columbine remained and the sprightly Harlequin and the grotesque Pantaloon. But there were songs and dialogue, the entertainment was simply a sort of vaudeville, not genuine pantomime at all. It was not until the huge, clicking camera made lasting the gestures of the actors that the art of pantomime came back to its own.

There is a word used by men and women who have to do with this great branch of the world's amusement which deserves immortality. It is the verb "register." An actor registers grief, or amusement, or astonishment. That is, he assumes an expression which, when recorded by the camera and exhibited, will convey his emotion to the audience. In that one word there is a valuable treatise on the dramatic art. The inferior actor is content with expressing an emotion. The true actor registers it.

And what sense of permanence is in that word "register!" Alfred de Musset and many another sentimental poet lamented the ephemeral nature of the actor's fame. The painter, it has been said, the writer, and the sculptor, live in their works. But the actor's art perishes with him; when he dies, the memory of his expressive face and graceful form goes into the oblivion that keeps the echoes of his golden voice.

Well, we have changed all that. The number of people who lose their cares under the spell of

John Bunny's magic to-day is greater than it was a year ago. The motion pictures have made the actor's chances for immortality equal with those of his fellows in the other arts.

Enemies of the motion picture (there really are such people) say that the humor of such entertainments is not true humor, but vulgar and barbarous horseplay, requiring no art. Anyone, they say, can get a laugh, as Charlie Chaplin does, by being knocked down by an automobile or by being grossly fat, like John Bunny.

The adequate answer to a critic who makes such statements as these is "Go out in the street and get knocked down by an automobile." This may be the remark which actors (and sensitive producers) commonly feel like making to dramatic critics, but in this case it should have no tinge of bitterness. Go out in the street and get knocked down by an automobile. See if the people laugh at you as they laugh at Chaplain. They will laugh at you only if you are artist enough to be knocked down humorously—as Chaplin is knocked down.

And, as to John Bunny's success being due to his fatness, that criticism is generally made by people who never saw "Autocrat of Flapjack Junction" or "Love's Old Dream," by rival actors. It is true that your true clown always is quick to utilize his physical pecuilarities as accessories to his acting. The jesters of Marie de Medici made fun of their own hunched backs or dwarfed forms. John Bunny had as good a right to turn his fatness into dramatic capital as Sarah Bernhardt has to do the

same thing with her slenderness. It is a principle of subjective artistic expression—the same principle as that by which Heine made his little songs out of his great woes.

But the physical peculiarity alone is not enough. John Bunny was gifted by nature for his roles. But he would have been a great clown even had he been built like John Drew. He would have made his shapeliness what he made his unshapeliness—something ridiculously amusing.

If fatness alone was the source of his success, how crowded his profession would now be! But this is not the case. Thousands, perhaps, of motion-picture audiences have watched Mr. Taft serenely cross the screen, or mutely seem to make a speech. Undoubtedly they have thereby been edified. But they have not rocked from side to side with unextinguished laughter, and thereafter burst into shouts of mirth at the mention of the ex-President's name.

No, people did not laugh at John Bunny because he was fat, or because he fell from horses and automobiles and aeroplanes, and submitted to various picturesque forms of assault and battery for their amusement. They laughed at him because he was fat humorously, because he fell from vehicles humorously, because he was a great clown—that is, a master of a difficult and important branch of dramatic art.

The motion-picture producers may not be aware of the fact, but they have performed a valuable service to the stage in reviving the art of pantomime. The actor in the spoken drama will be less

likely to be a mere voice when he sees his brother on the screen act with his whole body.

Is it possible that the importance of the human voice has been exaggerated? Certainly the mechanical reproduction of the spoken word has not captured the world's attention as has the reproduction of motion. The phonograph, of course, brings the lovely notes of the singers to ears that otherwise would never thrill with melody. It has been used as an instrument by which a political speaker might address at one time twenty audiences scattered across the continent, and it has delighted with humorous dialogue those who were far from theatres. But, as an interpreter of great literature, the needle revolves impotently upon its waxen cylinder.

There have been successful attempts to synchronize the phonograph and the motion-picture machine, to cause the words to accompany the action. It may be that these devices will one day be widely popular. But I hope not. For, that would destroy the greatest value of motion-picture acting, the silent but complete expression of thought. The motion picture is the renascence of pantomime.

When Colley Cibber looked through his jeweled quizzing glass at a strange dumb-show drama newly brought to England from merry France, a representation of the legend of Venus and Mars, he said that it was "formed into a connected presentation of Dances in Character, wherein the Passions were so happily expressed, and the whole Story so intelligibly told, by a mute Narration of Gesture only,

that even thinking Spectators allow'd it both a pleasing and rational Entertainment." It was this "pleasing and rational Entertainment" which developed into the great English pantomime, which popular custom (always fond of tradition and ritual) honored by association with the mighty festival of Christmas.

And the English pantomime's greater descendant is to be seen on many a modern film. Still the vivacious lover flees from the comic policeman and the irate father, still Columbine is fair, although she bears a less beautiful name and has changed her airy spangled draperies for a modern garb.

Why has no enterprising producer given us a real old English pantomime in the films, with all the conventional characters? What a Columbine Mary Pickford would make! and how excellently would Charlie Chaplin's deft stumble suit Harlequin! There could be transformation scenes that would delight the genial ghosts of Lamb and Thackeray. But who would be clown—now that John Bunny is dead?

The written word sometimes loses its power to bring laughter as the years roll by. Topical allusions, phrases, and sentiments that amuse us will bring mirth to the hearts of our grandchildren. But there are certain things that are elementally funny, that make all people laugh who have any laughter in their souls. And one of these things is the face of John Bunny.

A DEFINITION OF LITERATURE*

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

We can understand the meaning of literature only by studying the effects of ethical, social, political movements upon life; and this is best done through the literatures of peoples. The body of Hebrew literature, through which God Himself has spoken, is the history of the Jewish people. If it were merely the clear, dry annals of the Jewish people, it would be history, not literature. But, when we find the minds of David and Job revealed in words, we have essential history, but something more than a mere annal, which is not literature.

Literature, as far as it can be described to-day, is more than the reflection of life; and it is much more than it seemed to be to the Athenian Greeks, the Augustan Romans, the French of the time of Richelieu, or the Italians of the Renaissance; for, in their eyes, it was a narrow thing, capable of rigid definition.

Literature in general, when we attempt to define it, becomes as elusive as the highest of its forms, which is poetry. Literature reflects life in all its phases, to use a trite comparison, as some of the old Gothic cathedrals reflect life—from the agonizing

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figure on the rood screen to the grinning gargoyles on the roof and the vile little demons—the seven deadly sins—carved on the backs of the remote stalls. It has its spires that spring up as high as the clouds, and its crawling things of the earth, symbolical of the vices of the people that produce it. Its form changes, not only with every great impulse of force, but with every slight change of emotion. It expresses, it illuminates, it interprets; it cannot exist without thought, but it is more than thought. It is not philosophy, but it is impregnated with the effects of philosophy. It is not logic, or metaphysics, or ethics; but it cannot exist in perfection without a logical basis—and it partakes of metaphysics and ethics. It is neither *scientia* in the old sense—for pure and colorless truth cannot be literature—nor science in the new; yet it exists through truth, and its phenomena are best explained by the methods of science. It is not history, yet it is the beginning of history. It is not the personal word alone, yet the personal word is necessary to its existence. As I said, it is not ethics, yet it expresses the morality of the nation whose life it interprets. It is minutely personal—personality is one of its essences—and yet it represents better than anything else the national life.

It has made war and restored peace; it has raised men to the shining feet of God and led them to hell "to the lascivious pulsings of the lute." Dryden, in *Alexander's Feast,* manifests the power of music, but it was not music alone that appealed to the great

Alexander; it was literature allied to music—the soul of the body.

The definitions of literature are as numerous and as inadequate as those offered for poetry; and they have given rise to as many misunderstandings. These misunderstandings have induced certain modern scientists to scorn literature as lawless, and yet to assume the language of literature to express their jibes—not always to assume it with grace, but, at any rate, to use it, in order to be heard by all. These jeering scientists have this, at least, in common with the God they doubt—that they, unconsciously imitating Him, took the form of literature when they spoke to man. And the more literary they are, the more the world heeds them. These misunderstandings once led that most methodical and scientific man of letters, Ferdinand Brunetière, to assert that science is bankrupt; it has enormous assets—assets so great that it need not apply to the theologians for the certification of its cheques. Its bad reputation is due entirely to the fact that certain of its stockholders have forced drafts on that great theological establishment which it can neither dominate nor destroy.

Literature is not, as Mr. Louis Stevenson once defined it, a mere *fille de joie*, to be enjoyed and cast aside—a *ballade* for the ears of the banqueting prince, a precious *rondeau* for the languid lady in the balcony; literature is not, as Cardinal Newman implies, only the personal use of language; it is not, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would have us believe, the ethics of the philosophy of life; it is not, as Mr.

Swinburne insists, at its culmination only imagination and harmony.

In his *Comparative Literature,* Professor Posnett says that works of literature, whether in verse or prose,

> are the handicraft of imagination rather than reflection, aim at the pleasure of the greatest number of the nation rather than instruction and practical effects, and appeal to general rather than specialized knowledge. . . . Every element of this definition clearly depends on the limited spheres of social and mental evolution—the separation of imagination from experience, of didactic purpose from aesthetic pleasure, and that specialization of knowledge which is so largely due to the economic development known as "division of labor."

We shall, I am sure, all consent to the assertion that the value of literature must be sought for in inherent personal qualities, and its source must be looked for in human nature rather than in artful rules gathered from the examination of classic books. We are sure, too, that the maxims of Aristotle—those, I mean, which are not founded on human nature's love of contrast, hatred of monotony, and the desire to be taken out of the bounds of self—fail to indicate the scientific bases of literature, because they force the material to suit the shape of the mould they impose. We have gone beyond the blind acceptance of the old standards

to which the epic, the tragedy, and the lyric were forced to adjust themselves. It is as impossible to use them to-day as it is impossible to turn our uninflected English into genuine hexameters. On close comparison with the thing defined, Professor Posnett's definition proves as unsatisfactory as hitherto all definitions have proved.

Let us consider those manifestations of the life of the soul on which he founds this definition. However we may differ in opinion as to the relative value of other works of high literary art, there is only one opinion about Dante's *Inferno*. You may argue about the *Purgatorio* or the *Paradiso*, if you will. You may insist, too, that Milton's *Paradise Regained* is a failure; but you must admit the eminence of *Paradise Lost*. No cultivated man will deny the masterly qualities of the first part of *Faust*, though he may be reserved in his admiration of the second. It is agreed that the *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, and the first part of *Faust* are noble works of literature. And it is plain that the object or the effect of these three masterpieces is not to give pleasure—that higher pleasure of which even the Utilitarians admit the existence. The object of Dante was beyond and above the giving of pleasure. When Milton pondered and wrought until "dim suffusion" veiled his orbs, it was not to give pleasure to the greatest number. And who really believes that Keats, rapt in the vision of Diana and Endymion, spoke with the Utilitarian purpose? And who, knowing how Maurice de Guerin wrote "le Centaure" for God, silence, and himself,

can fail to see that some of the greatest things of literature owe their existence to the desire to express and yet not to communicate?

There are great poems, like Browning's *Sordello* and *The Ring and the Book,* that are beyond the liking or understanding of the greatest number. If we leave out the author's intention and consider only the matter of effect, we find, in the so-called sonnets of Shakespeare, great literature so personal and yet so appealing that the interpreters far exceed in number those to whom its beauty clearly speaks. That flower of lyrical literature, the *Epithalamium* of Spenser, touches only the few. Admitting that the *Inferno* is literature, and leaving out the question as to whether it appeals to many or not, we cannot help seeing that Professor Posnett's definition does not touch it. I accentuate his definition because it is largely accepted, and because Professor Posnett assumes that it is scientific. It is evident that in the *Inferno* Dante aimed at "instruction and practical effects"; it is evident that he attained his object by illuminating his processes with imagination and harmony; and yet, if we accept this very modern definition, Dante and Milton must be exiled, as Plato would have exiled all the poets—but for a different reason.

When Orlando carved the name of Rosalind on the bark of the oaks in the Forest of Arden, he felt the impulse of many poets, yet he made the name only for silence and himself. Literature cannot be judged as literature by the Utilitarian criterion. To make it a matter for the suffrage of the greatest

number is to take it into the ground now occupied by politics. A literary man crowned by the universal suffrage of the American people—if the elect did not mercifully intimidate voters—would be, for all time, a pleasing example of mediocrity!

With the beginning of the new century the worship of Goethe has taken new vigor. On all sides ascend thick incense clouds to the names of the many-sided. But why is Goethe acclaimed? Because of the aesthetic pleasure his lyrics give? Because of the purely romantic qualities of *Goetz* or the imaginative glow of *Faust?* Not at all—though these qualities, too, are acclaimed—but because in his works are said to be found the germs of modern scientific development. He is not regarded as less than a poet for this or less of a man of letters, but as more of a poet and more of a maker of literature. A great part of his claim on the modern mind rests, then, on the very qualities which Professor Posnett eliminates from literature. But Dante, the poet philosopher who expressed Aristotle and St. Thomas and all the science of his day, who founded the study of comparative philology, would not be lowered in the scale of literature if all his erudition were plucked from him. Erudition or science or experience is unpoetical only when the poet is too small for the weight he attempts to carry. But Dante was able to give harmony and the imaginative nimbus and symmetry and color to both abstractions and facts. There are poems great in themselves, which are all compact of harmony and imagination, for example, Shelley's *Ode*

to the Skylark, Keats's *Grecian Urn*, Lanier's *Centennial Ode*, Patmore's *Ode to the Body*. These may be covered by this definition; and still the mystical bases of the last of them, founded on philosophy and theology, come perilously near to ruling it out.

Permit me to repeat Professor Posnett's definition. It is found on page 18 of his *Comparative Literature*. Literature consists "of works which, whether in verse or prose, are the handicraft of imagination rather than reflection, aim at the pleasure of the greatest possible number of the nation rather than instruction and practical effects, and appeal to general rather than to specialized knowledge."

If we deny the value of this definition, how can literature be defined? I am not sure that the big word literature can be defined at all—I am not certain that the great and ever-changing subject it stands for will ever be rigidly described. But it seems to me that to-day literature is the expression in writing of thought, experience, observation, emotion, mood, knowledge personally expressed. Newman comes very near to this in his definition of style. *Scientia*, pure and simple, is not literature. There is no personal expression in the Apostles' Creed, though the personal pronoun is used for the will that accepts scientia. The Apostles' Creed is not literature; it belongs wholly to no one person; it is universal. The epical Isaiah, the pastoral Ruth, the lyrical David, are literature. And close

are the relations of this literature to the spiritual life.

Darwin's book on the *Descent of Man* is literature, but not of the highest kind. Newman's *Grammar of Assent* is literature, but not of so high a kind as his more personal *Apologia.* Tyndall's *Lectures* are literature—more so, from the point of view of style, than Herbert Spencer's. Froude's *History of England* is literature, differing from the two last-mentioned books because it is of the literature of fiction and because it is altogether finer in its expression. Lingard, on the contrary, made good history, but poor literature. The circle of science does not touch the circle of literature when science expresses itself impersonally—anything personally expressed and not inconsistent with the genius of its language is literature; but the degrees of literature differ as the faintest nebulae from the flashing constellations. This is as far as I can go in trying to describe literature.

But life is the pulse of literature—literature marks the movements of the tendencies of life. It progresses as the individual progresses; it progresses as the nation progresses. And yet this progress, so far as the nation is concerned, has frequently ceased; it has ceased even before the death of the nation. The literature of a nation that has been great never dies. Plutarch and Seneca have influenced minds, Theocritus and Horace have influenced hearts, more than Caesar or Augustus ever influences minds or hearts. Life has always turned towards God; and literature, echoing life, has

always written the symbol of God. Life expressed by Aeschylus is far from the life that made Racine as he was; life changing with Job is a far different life from the life that Faust loved; and yet from Cædmon to Milton, from Pindar's Odes to Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality,* life turns to the First Cause. St. Augustine expresses His beauty; Dante, His splendor and justice; and Longfellow, drawn by that chain which binds genius to Him, shows His halo on the brow of faithful womanhood.

Life cannot escape from its Creator, and literature, pulsating with life, acknowledges His power. Leopardi, Carducci, Swinburne—fallen clad, to use Ruskin's phrase, in "melancholy gold"—curse the flaming sword that will not allow Pan to come back to earth. Leopardi asks for death; Carducci and Swinburne yearn for the time before the Galilean had conquered. They express tendencies of life, not merely themselves. God, who is the centre of life, is the centre of the written expression of life, which is literature. St. Paul cries, with God in his heart: "Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up. . . . We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known." St. Augustine begins a passage full of joy in God: "And thou gavest my mother another answer to her prayers, which I remember." All this, coming from the soul of life, is literature. If St. Thomas, in the *Hymns of the Blessed Sacrament,* expresses

scientia, his manner is exceedingly personal and literary. The theologian who pretends to despise literature, or to look upon it as a mere toy, as the Turks looked on woman, is likely to fall into the heresy of the Turks and to assume that his mother had no soul.

There can be no doubt that some of the misunderstandings of the relations of literature to life are due to the practitioners of literature themselves. They have claimed to be as mystically irresponsible as the Delphic oracle or the Howling Dervishes. Imagination — untrammeled imagination — was their idol. They pretended that they lived in flashes of divine fire, when, in fact, the clever had frequently caught them trying to strike damp matches upon mouldy "afflutuses." There were no laws for them; they sang as the wind sings; they were reeds by the river of the Ineffable. They gushed carefully written impromptus. Order, dignity, knowledge were valueless. And the more ignorant of the cultured took these gentlemen at their own valuation. And hence arose legends of the mad, glad, bad poet. And he warmed his hands by the divine fire in his cold garret. And he had no food but a roast leg of Pegasus served with laurel leaves boiled by the muses. And there was not any such person. And so they called him a Bohemian!

There have been, too, enthusiastic apologists who could not see that the great author and the little author were bound by the conditions of ordinary life. Literature, they have said—literature that

comes from great minds—is universal. Its producer knows all things by intuition. But Dante was a hard student; still, there were many things he did not know. Coleridge, like a priest of Isis, gashed himself, to adore Shakespeare. The Bard of Avon was all-knowing, of all time—intuition made him so. Law!—gods, what a lawyer he was! Philosopher!—he must have been, in dreams, intimate with the Greeks! Zoologist—how wonderful! In spite of Coleridge, lawyers have shown how superficial was Shakespeare's knowledge of law. It is evident that he was so ignorant of the facts of animal life, beyond Warwickshire, that he might have written Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*. What he saw—and he knew how to see—he expressed. He was not above life or law or the conditions of life. He was of his time; his local prejudices and points of view limited him. His power of synthesis was great, but he cultivated it from his youth up. He was no more all-knowing than Dante, or Calderon, or Goethe, or Wordsworth was all-knowing.

On the other hand, in English-speaking countries, which are the last to realize what art means, literature has not been approached rationally, as Matthew Arnold scornfully admits. The man who had lately acquired much from the Germans without in the least understanding it laughed loftily at literature because he had discovered a new worm. Dante might sing of the seraphim, but your scientist of this sort doubted the existence of seraphim because, as there was no record of their vaccina-

tion, they must have died of small-pox! Mere philosophy he might accept; anybody of ordinary intelligence could count combinations of vowels, and it was even possible that the catarrh prevalent in the lake districts might have effected the consonantal sounds. These gentlemen would have sacrificed the Book of Job for a new principle of motion, and the *Iliad* for the discovery of the jumping apparatus in the skeleton of a flea. A new earth had come, without a new heaven—romance and poetry and lyrical beauty had gone. Literature and science had met, and science had conquered, leaving

A broken chancel with a broken cross.

Of course, this was irrational. The only man of letters who took this sort of thing seriously was Zola. He tried to turn himself into a scientific naturalist; he became a creature so monstrous that even curiosity became disgusted.

There can be no conflict between literature and science. There could be no conquering of one by the other, nor driving of one by the other out of its proper domain, unless the longing to draw nearer the immortal, the love of harmony, the interest in other lives, the desire for the ideal, the yearning for a broader and a better life were taken from our existence here; for literature, the production of life, answers to the burning needs of life.

Lowell says that fairy tales, consolations in the twilight of desolation, are "the dreams of the poor." Science could analyze Puck and prove him to be wandering phosphorus, and that the spectres of Rip

Van Winkle in the Catskills were due to microbes in his whiskey. Science, for a time—being young and ignorant, but not intrinsically evil—seemed to forget that humanity loves the fairies of its dreams, not because they exist, but because it wants them to exist. It was a phase of life that science should have attacked, and not literature, which merely presented this phase.

Literature, rationally studied, will be found to touch life at all points. It does not always concern itself with the dreams of those who dwell in exile. It does not always concern itself with ideals. "Man's work," Newman says, in *The Idea of a University,* "will savor of man, in his element and power excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such, too, will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness, of the natural man, and, with all its richness and greatness, it will necessarily offend the senses of those who, in the Apostle's words, are really 'exercised to the discerning of good and evil.' "

This is true, for literature is like the string of a violin in tune; it responds to the slightest change of national temperature. It was aristocratic and classical under Augustus and Louis XIV; aristocratic and romantic under Elizabeth. It became in England, in 1688, classic again, to drift gradually into democracy. In France, after 1793, it was at once artificial and sentimental. When Jeremy Bentham's ideas flourished in England, it became Utilitarian and preached the doctrines of common

sense. When Bolingbroke reflected the tendencies of the time, it was affected with polite Deism. Bolingbroke furnished Voltaire with ideas. And France, in return, sent artificial tears and sentimental theories to the English Sterne.

Life acts and reacts through literature; it asserts and denies through literature. But who can say how far the vital book influences a people, and how far the people have influenced the vitality of a book? Literature forces the abstractions of the philosopher into the conduct of life. The pessimism of Schopenhauer is brought, through the novel, to our very hearthstones. The illusions of self-styled truth permeate our familiar companion, the daily newspaper. "Man," as Fierns-Gevaert says, in *La Tristesse Contemporaine,* "thinks of himself as an equal co-worker with God; he believes that modern inventions supply oversights of the creator in the beginning." One may find something of this in Rudyard Kipling. "All modernity," continues Fierns-Gevaert, "suffers for the lack of love. Our multiplied activities, our haste in work, the quickness in communication, the desire for long voyages and the ease with which they are accomplished, hasten to a speedy end the marked decadence of meditation."

Philosophical speculation and industrial changes affect the life of all classes, and literature expresses their effects. It seems only the other day that the whole world was governed by pessimism, with literature as its prophet. The essay, the poem, the novel, even the little lyric spoke of gloom and of

hopeless gloom. Studied rationally as a manifestation of the psychology of life—of the psychology of the individual, as well as of the psychology of a people—literature gives the clue to the problem. But what method can be supplied to humanity to tell us when the action will end, in any movement, and the reaction begins? And until we can find some scientific means of discovering the laws that govern the flux and reflux of human minds, we must be content to use literature as a working test. When the various human phenomena are explained, there will be no need to examine literature apart from this explanation. The limitations of life bar out the analysis of literature aside from life. One limitedly explains the other; and just as a single phase of literature seems fixed, a reaction or a revolt begins. "Romance, the root of all evil, is dead; the pernicious ideal is dead," Zola exclaimed triumphantly, not very long ago. ". . . the dreams of the poor are gone, the legends of the saints and heroes are gone—science, as expressed by the realist, is the meaning of the modern world!"

Suddenly there is a change. The civilized world plunges into a sea of romance. The realistic rats and the pumpkin of Cinderella are changed to the apparatus of splendor in a moment. Is *Cyrano de Bergerac* or *Ulysses* a cause or an effect? This much is certain; its idealism has found a ready response from the heart of life. Pessimism goes out; the dilettanti even smile again. In Paris it is said aloud that God may no longer fear that He may not be believed in. Science no longer talks of analyzing

the seraphim. Zola lays sacrilegious hands on the tabernacle of the spiritual life. The world all at once finds him ridiculous. Literature reflected the change from blatant doubt to mystical reverence, and concentrated the rays of the new light. How powerful it is in its action upon life, and how sensitive to every change in the tendencies of life!

The wizard waves his wand, and we forget or are consoled. High to heaven we go with St. John, or down to hell with Dante. We have left for a time the chill of earth's wind. Life demands this —and the demand is a cry for immortality. Literature answers the demand, for literature is a servant and a master of life.

CATHOLIC ACTIVITY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE*

By REVEREND G. O'NEILL, S.J.

You probably feel, as I do, that the title of this lecture has been suggested by something in the nature of a misconception, of a misrepresentation. The misconception, the misrepresentation, is this—we meet it unmistakably from time to time—that Catholicism is something that hampers, restrains, even cripples, the energy and output of human genius; that from Catholics, consequently, we may not look for literary work that is either abundant or good. Now, the contention of Catholics is that the very opposite is true. We hold that, both from the nature of the case and as a simple historical fact, Catholicism is a life-giving and strengthening force, a tree bringing forth perennial fruit for the healing of the nations; that it is nourishment, light and air for the human soul; and therefore is an unfailing inspirer of great art and of good literature. It is so of necessity; it is so in fact.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not so absurd as to say that a man's religious belief or religious fervor can of themselves make him a poet

* Lecture delivered in the Cathedral Hall, Melbourne, on Monday, July 28th, 1924. Reprinted by permission of the author.

or a painter. They may make him a saint, without making him a Homer or a Shakespeare. Natural genius, culture, circumstances of many a kind must play their part to form and build up the great writer. But we do maintain that, given the rest and supposing all due conditions, the possession of Catholic faith, its illumination of the world's darkness, its action on the soul's principles and feeling are the most valuable of all possessions to the man of genius, no less as a writer than as a man; that without it he lacks the most potent stimulus, guide, and support in noble, creative work, the most inspiring revelation of truth and beauty. "Knowledge at one entrance quite shut out," was the central note of Milton's eloquent lament over his own blindness; but what physical blindness can be so calamitous for man or for poet as the indwelling darkness that is blind to God's fatherhood and governance, blind to the love manifested in Christ's Redemption, blind to that city set on a hill which is Christ's Church?

What may we justly expect of the Church in this matter? What is her role, her function, as regards the products of human genius? Briefly, it is twofold—negative and positive. It is negative inasmuch as, following up the work and the commission of her Divine Founder, she must repress, withstand, and denounce everything in literature and art that confronts her as moral evil. No man of genius, were he half-archangel, can hope for her indulgence if he endangers the immortal souls—the faith or the morals—of her children. And

hence arises that restrictive action of hers, assuming various forms, on which Fr. Hackett recently spoke, and on which, therefore, it is unnecessary for me now to dwell.

The Church's positive relation to literature is only indirect and accidental, but it is none the less momentous and powerful. To foster fine literature is not her business—her scope is far higher. But she cannot help doing it.

Because she is the living representative of God on earth, she must diffuse life and light; because she is the queen, the bride adorned for the eternal marriage-feast, who stands at His right hand in a garment of gold variously embroidered, therefore her beauty and splendor must supply the noblest themes and the noblest impulses to man's soul enamored of beauty. Glancing back through the centuries, we see how the Church, when the pagan art of Greece and Rome was dying out, stifled in sensualism, caught up its falling pencil and taught emancipated slaves in the catacombs and wild-eyed barbarians in the forests to create forms instinct with a loveliness not of this earth. Her liturgy, shaped in all decorum and seemliness, fostered the incipient arts of music and design, and cradled the infant drama. In the fulness of time her dreams of a heavenly city evoked those unequaled cathedrals that, in their internal and external perfection, remain the envy and despair of succeeding generations. In the crowning epoch of the Middle Ages, which historians, even quite unfriendly to her claim, have acknowledged as the greatest of human

epochs, she stood forth as the indisputable mistress of all the intellectual effort and practical achievement that made that time so memorable.[1]

But I cannot now pursue this alluring general theme. Triumphs of art, learning, or literature are not, I repeat, the Church's business; her mission lies higher than the highest of them. But she cannot help evoking these; her smile calls them from the ground; as she moves down the ages.

> Flowers laugh around her in their beds,
> And fragrance in her footing treads;

as she advances, like the goddess-mother in the Carthaginian forest, her steps proclaim her divine: *"Et vera incessu patuit dea."*

It is strange, then, but it is only too true, that ignorance and hospitality have succeeded in obscuring and denying all this. Again and again, in one or other field of her action, ignorance and hostility deny or minimize the triumphant and beneficent action of the Church. Such a field, for instance, is that of English literature. It has been proved only too possible to write the history of English literature in the spirit and under the domination of the great Protestant—that is to say, anti-Catholic—Tradition. How dominant in English literature that Protestant Tradition has been for the last three hundred and fifty years we may gather from Newman's deliberately expressed opinion that

[1] Dr. Creighton, Anglican Bishop of London and historian, thought the greatest of all centuries to have been the thirteenth, "the age which produced Dante, St. Francis, St. Louis, and Edward I." (In his *Life* by his wife.)

the very English language became, during that period, Protestantized. I should like to think that expression of Newman's an exaggeration, and feel sure that it has, happily, ceased to be true since Newman himself and some others have written. But there can be no doubt as to the strength of the Protestant Tradition in the historical and critical treatment of English literature. I need not go for illustration to extreme cases; I need not quote the productions of petty and ignorant bigotry. I will give you as an example of anti-Catholic bias the work of a highly esteemed writer, the Rev. Stopford Brooke. This cultured clergyman seems to have had a rooted antipathy to Christianity. In his well-known *Primer of English Literature* he traces out with skill and elegance the long evolution of the English mind in English literature. He can be eloquent on tendencies and conflicts. But never will the student who pores over his pages gather from them any suspicion of the immense influence, formative, directing, inspiring, that has been exerted upon English thought and English letters by the Christian Gospel and the Catholic Church. Beneath such pages, beneath the smooth serenity of their *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi*, one feels a heart beating—the heart of the great Protestant Tradition. The one business of that tradition, as its name indicates, is to protest—to protest tacitly or loudly—against the Catholic Church. And here it protests at the cost of ignoring or misrepresenting all that lies deepest, all that blooms fairest, in the English mind and its literature.

How much more valuable might not a history of that literature be which should bring out truthfully, on the one hand, the part played by religion and the Church; on the other, the results of ignoring or antagonizing these! That the *Catholic Encyclopedia* has not done for us something of this kind may be regretfully regarded as a great opportunity missed. Now, what I should like to put before you is, in the briefest form possible, such a review. The danger is only too obvious of being inadequate and unconvincing, because too summary; but at least I shall try to be honest, and I do not despair, by holding on to that, and that only, which is important and significent, of giving you some idea of the immense, far-extending, and profound influence that the Catholic Church has exercised on the literary life of England—an *alma mater* of all good when accepted, the sure witness of decay and failure when resisted and excluded.

Literature in the English language, if we accept as English that Anglo-Saxon speech which is as different from English of to-day as German or Dutch is, goes back to about the eighth century after Christ. The remains of that era testify to a Christian culture that had taken firm root on a pagan soil and was producing healthy flowers and fruits. From Canterbury and Augustine in the south, from Iona and Columville in the north, had come the precious seeds, together with the zeal and love that fostered them. What were the great names of Anglo-Saxon literature, and what manner of men bore them? Cædmon and Cynewulf, Bede and

Alfred, Alfric and Dunstan—monks and priests, with one layman nobly devoted to his Church.

It was on the bleak Northumbrian headland of Whitby, in the hut of the herdsman Cædmon, within the monastic enclosure of the Abbess Hild, that English poetry began its long and splendid career. The Spirit of God descended upon the unlettered hind, bidding him chant the great Biblical stories—it is part of the Protestant legend, you know, that nobody knew the Bible in those days—and henceforward Cædmon was poet and monk. Cynewulf, whose name remained strangely hidden for a thousand years, a genuine religious poet, was (as it appears) a monk of Lindisfarne and bishop of that See. The Venerable Bede, England's first historian; the admirable Alfred; Alfric, the indefatigable schoolmaster of his age; St. Dunstan, the accomplished Archbishop and Chancellor—it must suffice to have merely named these. The chief poem of the twelfth century, patriotic and historic, Layamon's *Brut,* was the work of a priest.

But we must leap over the Middle Ages, taking them for granted. We pause, almost at the dawn of the Renaissance, when we meet the notable figure of Chaucer. Chaucer was a thorough Catholic, though we need not call him an ideal one. To Chaucer and his Catholicism we owe an unrivaled portrait of the true Christian priest—the poor country parson who stands in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales.* Poor indeed, yet—

> Riche he was of holy thought and work;
> He also was a learned man, a clerk,

That Christe's Gospel truly would he preach,
Devoutly his parishioners would teach.
Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient . . .
Wide was his parish, houses far asunder,
But he not ceased, either for rain or thunder,
In sickness or in mischief to visit
The furthest in his parish, little or great. . . .
This noble example to his sheep he gave,
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught. . . .
And though he holy were and virtuous,
He was to sinful man most piteous. . . .
And Christe's love and His Apostles' twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselve.[2]

In consideration of that and some other pages, we can forgive Chaucer his sometimes fierce and crude satires. At worst he is a satirist of persons and abuses, who does not lose due respect for venerable institutions. Like many another medieval writer, he sports, like a clever and mischievous child, beneath the protecting shadow of an established order of things. No one, I think, has been so absurd as to suggest that Chaucer's Catholicism has chilled or weakened his gaiety, invention, vigor, and tenderness. In nothing, in truth, is Chaucer more thoroughly representative of the Catholic Middle Ages than in his genuine cheerfulness, his ready and hearty laughter. Let us dwell a little on the topic thus suggested.

If History, that most doleful Muse among the Nine, has been prodigal of dark colors in portray-

[2] We have slightly modernized.

ing for us the wars, plagues, and other calamities of the Middle Ages, the literature of those ages tells a yet truer story of their sunshine, their joyous pieties, their social gaieties. Never, it would seem, was music so generally loved and practiced by all classes as in medieval Europe, and notably England. Never was there such widespread interest in poetry—the popular ballad or romance, the *"gai saber"* of courtly minstrels, the long *"chanson de geste"* sung round the watch-fire or in the baronial hall. "It was a time," writes Carlyle, "when suddenly, as at sunrise, the whole earth had grown vocal and musical. . . . Simple men, women, and children all sang and rhymed or delighted in hearing it done." In the same strain writes Tieck, the German poet and critic: "Believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly action and battles. . . . The spring, beauty, gaiety were subjects that could never tire." And all this joy and song-making centred round the Church. "Religion," says Tieck, "as the highest thing, encircled both poetry and reality, and every heart, in unquestioning allegiance, humbled itself before her." Religion stimulated and called forth those united, civic, and communal efforts in the region of art which raised aloft, in mere villages, churches and other public buildings, replete within and without with lavish artistic splendor. It was a time when from a sky of serene faith a fulness of divine light streamed alike through the splendid stained glass of the cathedral and the unglazed windows of the

poorest serf; a time, as Alfred de Musset summed it up,

> Où, la vie était jeune, où la mort espérait:
> (When life was young, when death was full of hope.)

What a change from this when the Renaissance and the Reformation came to dominate England! In England, as elsewhere, these two ill-assorted movements broke up the spiritual unity of Christendom. Of the Renaissance in England we have little to say—it was "Reformation" that triumphed. Hand in hand with royal and aristocratic greed, it began its reign with the pillage of colleges and universities, inaugurating in these a reign of class privilege, corrupt jobbery, and, in the name of spiritual emancipation, destroyed in church and hall the books, manuscripts, and artistic treasures accumulated by centuries. A general killing out of aesthetic sense began, which culminated in the hideousness, from palace down to slum, that dominated the Victorian era.

But let us, instead of our own words, hear, concerning this turning-point in England's aesthetic history, the testimony of an excellent witness—of the Rev. Dr. Jessop, an Anglican clergyman, who writes thus in his book entitled *The Great Pillage:*

> We get fairly bewildered by the astonishing wealth of skill and artistic taste and aesthetic feeling which there must have been in this England of ours in times which till lately we had assumed to be barbaric times. Be-

> wildered, I say, because we cannot understand how it all came to a dead stop in a single generation; not knowing that the frightful spoilation of our churches and other parish buildings and the outrageous plunder of the parish guilds in the reign of Edward VI effected such a hideous obliteration, such a clean sweep of all the precious treasures that were dispersed in rich profusion over the whole land, that a dull despair of ever replacing what had been ruthlessly pillaged crushed the spirit of the whole nation. Art died out in rural England, and King Whitewash and Queen Ugliness ruled supreme for centuries.

We are arrived, then, at the Elizabethan age, at the age of Shakespeare; and we have to remind ourselves that our particular subject is literature. The age of Shakespeare—is it not a glory of Protestantism? Of course, the claim has been made, expressly or tacitly, again and again. But the matter is not so simple. I think we may safely answer the question in the negative. We shall have the support of, among others, Carlyle. That notable non-Catholic writes thus in his discourse on *The Hero as Poet*:

> In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era, with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian faith, which was the theme of Dante's song,

> had produced this practical life which Shakespeare was to sing. For religion, then, as it is now, and always is, was the soul of practice, the primary, vital fact in men's lives. . . . Middle Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance, nevertheless. Nature, at her own time, with Catholicism, or whatever else might be necessary, sent him forth, taking small thought of Acts of Parliament.

As regards Shakespeare himself, who towers far over the rest, I again think the question is not a difficult one. The author of the Shakespeare plays, whoever he was, may very well have been a Catholic, but cannot possibly have been a Protestant. What is the proof? If he were a Protestant, why did he not display his Protestantism? He had every inducement to do so; all his Protestant compeers did it. But he never did. There is no touch of Protestantism in any Shakespeare scenes which are certainly authentic; no attempt to gratify the mob or the Queen with an anti-Catholic fling. But, if he were a Catholic, he could not with any safety display his Catholicism. It might have been ruinous, fatal, to himself, his actors, his managers, his patrons. The absence of Protestantism in his plays seems a conclusive proof that he was not a Protestant. The absence of definite Catholicism is no proof that he was not definitely a Catholic. But in

good truth it cannot be said that Catholicism is absent. Allowing for human faults and flaws, we find the plays permeated with a theology and philosophy which are deeply and traditionally Catholic, which are "mightiest in the mightiest," and which extract from tragedies, histories, and comedies, from the stories of Lear, Macbeth, even Romeo, from all the turbulence of human passions, the lessons of the Catholic school and the Catholic pulpit.

It is very different when we come on to the greatest man of the following period—Milton. Milton has long been an uncontested glory of English Protestantism. In the eyes of a Wordsworth, of a Macaulay, of a Stopford Brooke, he is almost the *beau ideal* of a religious man and a religious poet. Well, that fact is, perhaps, eloquent above all as to what some people's idea of religion is. As a man, Milton was not without nobility; but it is hard to accept as a typical Christian one who was a fiery champion of divorce, a fierce assailant of Church government, a controversialist of singular fury and scurrility, who denied the divinity of Christ. As a poet, Milton was certainly great. But as a Christian poet? Let us hear what has been said on this point by Professor (now Sir Walter) Raleigh. He speaks with some plainness, "It is merely a dull convention," he says, "to call *Paradise Lost* a religious poem." Milton (he knows) was not Christian, for he is Arian; not mystical, for even his heaven is grossly material; not charitable, for he is bitter and intolerant. "Hard, narrow, and intolerant," to quote the words of Stephen Gwynn,

"he stands for what is least lovable in greatness." A Protestant poet, undoubtedly: Milton protested against everything. But a Christian poet? With much better reason does Aubrey de Vere call him "our great Mahommedan poet." Dr. Johnson had already pointed out that "he seemed to think woman made only for obedience and man only for rebellion"—sentiments assuredly more Mahommedan than Christian. Milton achieved the really remarkable feat of writing some thirteen thousand lines on "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," and of devoting just ten of these to the Passion and Death of the Saviour of the World. He set himself (he tells us) to "justify the ways of God to man," and came much nearer to success in rehabilitating the devil.

If we would rest our thoughts for a while on the works of a genuinely religious poet, we may find him in Milton's contemporary, the convert Crashaw. Like Milton, Crashaw was a Cambridge student, and continued there a quiet and devout life, until the dominant Puritanism of Milton's friends turned him out of doors and flung him adrift, a penniless exile. Crashaw's poems are unequal, but so full of beautiful things that choice among them is not easy. I will give you some fifty of his two hundred and thirty rapturous lines on the Holy Name—"to the Name above all Names":

> Wake, lute and harp, and every sweet-lipped thing
> That talks with tuneful string;
> Start into life and leap with me

Into a hasty, fit-tuned harmony. . . .
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no more. . . .
Bring all your lutes and harps of heaven and earth,
Whate'er coöperates to the common mirth. . . .
Cymbals of heaven, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call,
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song. . . .
Blest heavens . . . may we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The Name of your delights, and our desires,
And fit it so to far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music, too,
Ye mighty orbs, as well as you;
Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling seraphim to the ears of love
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor, panting turtle-dove;
And we, low worms, have leave to do
The same bright business, ye Third Heavens, as you. . . .
Come, lovely Name; life of our hope;
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope. . . .
See how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers with long-stretched hands.
Lo, how the labouring earth

That hopes to be all heaven by Thee
Leaps at Thy birth! . . .
O see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears;
O see, the weary lids of wakeful Hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope,
With curtain drawn
To catch the day-break of thy dawn. . . .
Lo, where it comes—upon the snowy Dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves!
O dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets, and break upon us
In balmy showers!
O fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy
To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee!
Fair, flowery Name, in none but thee
And thy nectareal fragrancy
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets.

Here, surely, is Christian religious poetry, worthy of that name in its fervor, its intensity, its sweet familiarity with heavenly things and heavenly thoughts. Such things we may seek for almost in vain through other volumes of English religious verse—almost in vain, at least, until we find it awakened again by the Catholic muse of Francis Thompson.

The wells of such inspiration were dried up completely in the subsequent ages, dominated by Dryden and Pope. To them, such enthusiasm seemed ridiculous, and such devout fervor unseemly. Yet there is something else to be said concerning Dryden

and Pope. They were the greatest literary men of their times, unsatisfactory though they might be as poets; and they were Catholics, unsatisfactory though they might be as Catholics. Dryden's conversion to the Faith fell in very opportunely with certain worldly advantages; nevertheless, he held fast to it when the advantages turned round the other way. Pope's constancy was proved by his resisting many seductions, the chances of the Laureateship, the solicitations of his best friends, and other inducements to renounce the outlawed Church of his baptism.

And whom do we next meet in the procession of great ones? Who is this huge and ungainly figure whom we behold dominating more than half of that eighteenth century? One might cry out—

> Why, man, he doth bestride
> That petty world like a colossus?

It is, of course, Samuel Johnson. Johnson has been well described as "the representative of the Englishman at his level best." Can we claim him as a Catholic? No; and deeply must we regret that we cannot. He arose, in truth, at the darkest period of England's Catholicity. But we can and do claim that his Catholic sympathies were notable; that he constantly disconcerted his friends, and has since disconcerted his critics, by his affection for Catholic things, persons, and ideas. Read Boswell in a dozen places; read him where he draws out the Doctor on the Mass, Purgatory, indulgences, invocation of saints, and finds him ready everywhere

to champion the Popish ideas; nay, hear how poor Bozzy confesses, amazed: "I have heard him uniformly defend the executions of that dark bigot, Queen Mary." Or read the perhaps most eloquent passage in all Johnson's own volumes—his reflections amid the ruins of Iona, the isle of Columcille, "whence," by the ministry of Catholic monks, "savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. . . . That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

When Johnson travels to Paris the precious hours that might have been given to courts, academies, museums, are largely devoted to monasteries, and convents; he neglects for these the magnates of the "Encyclopêdie"; he jests afterwards with his English friends about the cell which is waiting for him in the English Benedictine monastery.

Johnson as a Benedictine! It is rather a pretty theme for speculation and a picture. In one respect the actual Johnson was sadly unlike a Benedictine; he was prone to deep gloom. And here we touch upon a dark aspect of that eighteenth century —the least Catholic of all the English centuries. It was the century, as literary history presents it to us, of gloom, despondency, despair sinking into insanity. The brightness of the Middle Ages had long, long vanished. "The fathers (Protestant fathers) had eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth were set on edge." How many men of letters

belonging to those Middle Ages are recorded to have lost their reason? Not as many, I dare to assert, in all Europe as in England alone during that eighteenth century—that century which, by an odd paradox, has been extolled as the "Age of Reason"!

It is a mournful record. Dr. Johnson himself suffered from a melancholia which he constantly dreaded would turn into madness; Gray was hypochondriac; Goldsmith in his last words declared his mind ill at ease; then the sad list of those who took refuge in excessive drinking—Parnell and Beattie (both clergymen), Broome, Budgell, Savage, and Burns; poor Chatterton took his own life; while four of the greatest—Swift, Collins, Smart, and Cowper—ended their lives in hopeless insanity. It is a ghastly record.

It would be another strange paradox if, when we pass out into what is called the "romantic revival" of the early nineteenth century, we find an improvement in the mental health of our literary men. For was not that "romantic revival" admittedly an era of emancipated imagination? Yet the paradox did to some extent realize itself. And we think we can offer an explanation. The romantic revival was something of an emancipation from Puritanism, something of a recovery of Catholicism. Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, all caught and voiced some notes of the old inspiration. Byron seems to have felt that, if his passions would allow him to follow his best lights, his place was in that Church in which he caused his daughter

Allegra to be brought up. Shelley, in his later years, drew nearer to Catholicism, especially when he fell under the influence of the Spanish priest-dramatist, Calderon. But both Byron and Shelley remain, beyond yea or nay, sad examples of the ruin caused by lack of religion—by an education and an atmosphere wholly un-Catholic. They wrecked other people's lives, and finally their own, unable to find a satisfying ideal or a guiding light.

Too many modern "romantics," especially in France, have provided the same melancholy picture and moral. Over their graves—so often untimely —might be written Byron's lurid elegy on himself:

> The fire that on my bosom preys
> Is lone as some volcanic isle;
> No torch is kindled at its blaze—
> A funeral pile.

Coleridge and De Quincey, ruined by opium, do not redeem the credit of the "romantic revival." Let us turn to a more blessed reawakening. The Byronic romanticism burnt itself out about 1825 and, a few years later, its fragmentary and feverish visions of Paradise came to be replaced by a genuine Catholic revival. Of that "second spring" and all that it meant but little can now be said. How long might we not dwell, for example, on the illustrious protagonist of the Oxford Movement, whose splendid intellectual and religious activity not only glorified the Mother Church to whose bosom he was leading back so many, but actually roused a new throb of life in the Anglicanism which he for-

sook! Let us just say a word of Newman in his purely literary aspect—that aspect which counted for least importance in his own eyes. Of his style, which was the perfect reflex of the man, critics who were not friendly either to his university or his religion have written that it is "the nearest to perfection that our speech can show"; that "when at its best a better is hardly conceivable."[3]

Nor did Newman, even if peerless, stand quite alone among Catholics of his own generation. Thirty years older than he was the priest, scholar, and historian, John Lingard, of whose monumental work—monumental in its fairness and honesty—Dr. Saintsbury has testified that it still remains on the whole the best history of England on a large scale. This is a really surprising commendation to have been earned (as Saintsbury notes) by the member of a small, persecuted minority, of a creed cut off from the natural opportunities, spurs, and rewards of learning.

What a striking and influential figure was Wiseman, full of cares and business, yet finding time to write *Fabiola* and many other books, to preach and lecture incessantly on all manner of subjects—theology, Scripture, science, literature, history! From Wiseman we might turn off to speak of W. G. Ward, Allies, Kenelm Digby, and others of mark in historical and other erudition. But these we must leave. We must devote ourselves to the

[3] Words of Mr. Hamilton Thompson (Cambridge man and Protestant) in his *History of English Literature*, p. 738. Mr. A. Lang and Mr. Birrell have spoken scarcely less strongly.

most agreeable and excellent manifestation—at least from a literary point of view—of the English "second spring," namely, its very numerous and excellent poetic voices. For the last seventy years Catholic poets have been contributing to English song some of its sweetest and grandest notes, and assuredly its most heart-soothing and soul-strengthening.

Some of these poets have scarcely yet received their due recognition. Notable in this category is the Irishman, Aubrey de Vere, whose poem, *May Carols,* unfortunately named, too modestly named, may one day come to be regarded as one of the greatest works of its age. At present it seems strangely neglected even by Catholics.

From this thoughtful and serene poet one turns with a sense of complete contrast to Coventry Patmore. He too was a convert; he too was intensely Catholic. But he was as eccentric and forcible as the other was conservative and placid. He won great popularity by a poem of domestic love and domestic life, *The Angel in the House;* but soon made it plain that its sober moderation, its middle-class Victorian propriety were only a disguise or a prelude of far more daring and surprising things. He went on to publish his *Unknown Eros;* a series of odes and lyrics wherein love is treated in its highest and most mystical aspects. Patmore lost his general popularity, especially in non-Catholic circles. But, on the other hand, he came to be gradually more and more valued and honored by the discerning few. Let me, instead of further

criticism, simply quote the opinion of so representative a critic as Edmund Gosse. He says:

> It is my firm conviction that the influence of Coventry Patmore, as the master-psychologist of love, human and divine, is destined steadily to increase, and that a future generation will look back to him with a mingled homage and curiosity when many of those whose doings now fill the columns of our newspapers are forgotten. [And again] I see little in later Victorian literature which bears the stamp of so much originality, combined with such absolute distinction of form, as the best of Patmore's religious odes. Their subject, of course, must always remove them from popular approval, but it is to be conceived that a small circle, of those who comprehend, may continue as time goes on to contemplate them with an almost idolatrous veneration.

In Patmore a devout, even enthusiastic, acceptance of Catholicism was combined with a daring originality, and, in fact, freakish independence, of thought and of ways which are often supposed or said to be quite inconsistent with Catholicism. He used at times, "for a spree," as he said himself, to run amuck against all kinds of respected things and persons. He had a violent antipathy to Cardinal Manning; he anathematized freely all those democratic, "progressive," and prohibitive notions and movements in which the Cardinal often took so strong an interest, but which Patmore described

as manifestations of "organized ignorance." He rather enjoyed finding himself in a minority of one. When all England was bellicose and pro-Prussian in 1870, he published a biting lampoon on the King of Prussia's unctuous bulletins from the front to his wife:

> This is to say, my dear Augusta,
> We've had another awful buster;
> Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below!
> Thank God, from Whom all blessings flow!

Yet this individualist proved the most orthodox of converts. This fighting man proved the most devoted of husbands to three successive wives. He knew the domestic felicity which he idealized into a dream of heavenly union. Religion alone had power to regulate the winds and currents of that stormy soul. With her, to quote his own words, he had found "Felicity" with "her blest twin-sister, Certitude"—in other words, peace in Catholic truth.

Of a different kind was the healing that Catholicism brought to the early wounded spirit of Francis Thompson. "Cradled," indeed, he was "into poetry by wrong," as other great poets are, according to Shelley. "They learn in suffering what they teach in song." But Thompson had not to find his way laboriously and belatedly into the shelter of a Church hitherto unknown; he had but to creep back into its familiar shelter, as into the shadow of a rock in a desert land. His sorrows and his faith combined with his genius to give the world

some of the most penetrating spiritual poetry that it has heard for a couple of centuries. In *The Hound of Heaven,* the *Ode to the Setting Sun,* and others of Thompson's poems, we find a singular union of richly sensuous imagination with deeply spiritual insight, of skill in beautiful language with intensity of feeling. They enter and flood the soul rather like the chantings of some grand liturgy than as the solitary lyrics of an ordinary wayfarer. Thompson's poems are, in truth, a spiritual interpretation or novel imaging of the Catholic ritual. He builds up his lofty rhyme as if in emulation of a Gothic cathedral, piling up the richness of detail and symbolism, the wealth of line and color into a perfect harmony of adoration—of adoration converging on the high altar below and the great Sacrifice there perpetually immolated.

Far less gorgeous, but more spiritual still, is the poetry of her who was the saving angel, the almost idolized patroness of Francis Thompson. More spiritual in its delicacy and reticence, venturing (as befitted the woman) but timidly into the sanctuary, making a holy place of the domestic hearth, and building a hermitage in a London garden, the genius from which it might have seemed too exquisitely and fastidiously aloof. Her poems and essays made felt "in streaming London's central roar" the fine inner voices of a disciplined and cultured Catholic soul; and when her name was mentioned some fifteen years ago in connection with the vacant laureateship those who knew her work may have felt that the honor would be incongru-

ous, but they cannot have felt that it would be too high. Mrs. Meynell's poems may often, especially to hasty readers, seem obscure; but they have, nevertheless, a very real simplicity. How easily that simplicity may rise into sublimity we may see exemplified in such a poem as *Christ in the Universe*. Here, with a splendid sweep of spiritual imagination, the poet lays hold of the great problem of the plurality of inhabited worlds and of its most thrilling consequences. What revelations of God await us—and others—on the great day of revelations!

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball:
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted word.

And as (the poet reflects) no planet has heard of His death and resurrection here, so none of us here knows "His devices with the heavens," "His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way"—

But, in the eternities,
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

Oh, be prepared, my soul,
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The million forms of God those stars unroll,
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Such a poem as this must necessarily be rare in any generation. Yet, keeping to our design of noticing only what is really noteworthy and significant, we might point out, did time permit, much else of Catholic workmanship deserving very high commendation. We should gladly dwell on the fine accomplishment, touched with genius, of Lionel Johnson, the sweetly Irish note of Katharine Tynan, the exquisite jewelery in verse of Fr. Tabb—chief of America's Catholic poets; the originality, to most of us unattractive, but unquestionable, of Fr. Hopkins. These poets are all unlike—very unlike—each other, except in the possession of a common faith, hope, and charity. Not over these need one shake the head and wail the "Alas!" which J. A. Symonds wailed over himself and the many of his own day who, like himself, are poets of unbelief, doubt, feverish rebellion, and despair, who feel (as he puts it) with such "poignant intensity the grim vacuity of the universe, the irrationality of life, the illusory and transitory nature of the very ground on which we tread," and who, seeking comfort, find none.

Other personages, not poets, call for at least some attention in our closing remarks. Pure literature takes the form of poetry, but there are fields of applied literature which to most of us appear more practically important than poetry. There are, for example, the regions of history, economics, education, science, and, coming closer to poetry, that of prose fiction. Now, in all these we may find work recently achieved by Catholics on which we might

dwell with justifiable satisfaction. As regards history alone, it would take too long to give a mere list of names indicating work quite excellent and quite recent. Let us be satisfied to select from the entire catalogue of Catholic writers in prose three names that have stood out among the most noteworthy of our own epoch—those of Chesterton, Belloc, and Benson. We might roughly group these writers together as men of extraordinary intellectual vigor, of untiring industry, and of immense output. Two are converts, one a Catholic from the start; but all are alike in owing their strongest impulses and inspiration to the Church. Chesterton, indeed, long before he bowed to her altars, had discovered some of the most valuable secrets known to the Catholic Middle Ages, but lost by modern stupidity. He had recovered the medieval secret of laughter. He had written his *Orthodoxy*—a book to which Benson's *Paradoxes of Catholicism* affords an interesting commentary. He rebelled—the cheerfullest of rebels—against a number of Victorian commonplaces—against social falsehoods that could no longer even pretend to make people happier, against an intellectual snobbism or bookishness that forgot three-quarters of reality, against a social snobbism that forgot nine-tenths of mankind. He rebelled; but rebellion did not make him fierce and bitter, as it made Carlyle, for example; did not make him a mischievous *ignis fatuus*, as it has made Wells or Shaw. A glimpse from heaven came to guide him; it was accepted; and

now he is in good truth a leader of modern thought, full of ideas, full of fire, full of cheer.

Hilaire Belloc is many things in his many books. He is, above all, perhaps, a stylist of high rank and a historian of something like genius. Whether he traces out modern Europe in its evolution from the Roman Empire, or the French Revolution from its myriad obscure origins, or the modern Servile State from the political economy of three generations of liberalism, you always find him original in ideas, weighty with the results of study, logical in thought, forcible in exposition. The *Path to Rome* shows how skilfully, beneath the airs of mere travel gossip and description, he can insinuate a doctrine or a view. An Irishman must acknowledge his admiration and respect for Ireland; a Jesuit must be grateful for his damaging review of Pascal's calumnious *Lettres Provinciales.* Belloc has, undoubtedly, his faults. He has his prejudices; for example, his anti-Germanism, his excessive self-confidence, and his excessive dogmatism.

Concerning Mgr. Benson, his novels, and other books, there is this satisfactory reason for not saying much—that they are rather widely known and appreciated. This is not to say that they are as well known as they deserve to be; such is seldom the fate of really good literature. It is commonly "bested" by "best-sellers" that are more or less trashy. Mgr. Benson's novels, however, have qualities that can hardly fail to tell—now and hereafter. They are unique, in English at all events, in their combination of a strong and high spiritu-

ality with great skill in the technicalities of fiction. Still greater would have been the success, and still greater the faultlessness, had not this zealous priest preferred to devote time and energy to a great many things which he thought more deserving of attention than the details of literary perfection.

With Benson must be mentioned Canon Sheehan. Less successful as an artist we must declare him; nevertheless he won from Tolstoi the commendation of being one of the greatest of modern novelists, and has unquestionably given the world in *My New Curate* a book which has been hailed everywhere as a charming adventure in a fresh field of fiction.

What, then, have we seen and studied in this rapid and far-reaching survey? We have seen, from a series of living examples, what a stimulus, inspiration, lift, Catholic Christianity is to any literature. We have seen that in the literature of England, Catholicity was a dominant force during those long ages which preceded the rending in twain of England's religion; that after that lamentable severance it maintained, in spite of outlawry and beggary, its unique eminence as the chief nurse, educator, and inspirer of whatever was best in artistic ideals and achievements. We have seen (to mention but three or four of the greatest examples) its fruits in the serenity and sanity of Shakespeare, the joyous good sense of Chaucer, the rapturous vision of Crashaw or Thompson, the manifold supremacy of Newman. And we have glanced at the lamentable fruits of its loss or rejec-

tion in the gloom, bitterness, recklessness, immorality, despair of so many spirits capable of incomparably better things, but wasted away in barren revolt against truth, in the futility and mire of mere human passion. Such is the bankruptcy of literature without religion. We have listened to some of its cries of despair. Will you hear one more—Shelley's—one of his many laments over himself?

> The serpent is shut out from Paradise;
> The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
> In which its heart-cure lies. . . .
> The miserable one
> Turns the mind's poison into food;
> Its medicine is tears, its evil—good.

Such, I repeat, is the bankruptcy of literature without religion. How different the tone of the Catholic writer, however sorely buffeted by the world, if he be but true to himself! He will, in the full measure of his talent, be a centre of joyous energy, a call to battle, a trumpet of victory. Like St. Paul, he knows whom he has trusted, and he is confident. He goes into the fray with celestial armor—

> The shields, the swords of gold,
> Intangible by all Time's wars,
> Trophies from Titans won of old
> In battles 'mid the ancestral stars.

Note.—The question has been asked why Spenser, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and perhaps other leading literary names, have not been brought up for consideration in the foregoing lecture. The answer is found, not only in the necessarily limited compass

of such a lecture, but also in its special scope. The writers omitted did not appear to be of outstanding or distinct importance as regards the question of Catholic influence, Catholic activities, or the opposites of these, in English literature. To disentangle their elements, Catholic, non-Catholic, or anti-Catholic, would have been a complicated task, and one not likely (as it seemed) to help out notably any relevant issue; hence nothing was said of them.—G. O'N.

BAD MORALITY IS BAD ART*

By COVENTRY PATMORE

Bad morality is not a necessary condition of good art; on the contrary, bad morality is necessarily bad art, for art is human, but immorality inhuman. The "art" of the present generation is in great part more immoral than any that has preceded it in England. Modern English readers tolerate any amount of corruption, provided only the terms in which it is suggested be not "coarse"; and novels and poems are read, understood, and talked about by young ladies which Rochester would have blushed to be found reading, and which Swift would have called indecent. The delicate indecency of so much modern art is partly due to deficiency of virility, which, in proportion to its strength, is naturally modest. Indecency is an endeavor to irritate sensations and appetites in the absence of natural passion; and that which passes with so many for power and ardor is really impotence and coldness. On the other hand, the ban which these emasculate times have set upon plain-speaking would alone be well-nigh fatal to great art, even were there no other hindrances to it. The loss by the poet of the privilege of plain-speaking

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is equivalent to the loss of the string which Hermes added to Apollo's lute. A whole octave has been withdrawn from the means of expression. Take a single example. Perhaps two or three of Iago's speeches are "coarser" than anything else in English poetry—there is nothing more so in the Bible itself; but the splendor, purity, and solidity of the most splendid, pure, and solid of all dramas that were ever written depend in very large measure on the way in which these qualities are heightened by those very passages.

For a good many years past the worth of the philosopher and poet has been measured by the width of his departure from the fundamental truth of humanity. But the orthodox truth of humanity is a perennially young and beautiful maiden, whose clothes, however, are liable to get out of fashion, and to bring upon her the appellation of "old frump" from those who are overanxious to keep up with the *Zeitgeist*.. The worthiest occupation of the true poet and pilosopher in these days is to provide her with such new clothes as shall make her timely acceptable; and happy is he who shall be found to have contributed even a ribbon or two towards the renovation of her wardrobe, which has of late years fallen so lamentably into decay.

The poet, as a rule, should avoid religion altogether as a direct subject. *Law*, the rectitude of humanity, should be his only subject, as, from time immemorial, it has been the subject of true art, though many a true artist has done the Muse's will and knew it not. As all the music of verse arises,

not from infraction, but inflection, of the law of the set metre; so the greatest poets have been those the *modulus* of whose verse has been most variously and delicately inflected in correspondence with feelings and passions which are the inflections of moral law in their theme. Masculine law is always, however obscurely, the theme of the true poet; the feeling, with the correspondent rhythm, is its feminine inflection, without which the law has no sensitive or poetic life. Art is thus constituted because it is the constitution of life, all the grace and sweetness of which arise from inflection of law, not from infraction of it, as bad men and bad poets fancy.

Law puts a strain upon feeling and feeling responds with a strain upon law, but only such a strain as that with which the hand draws the music from the strings of the lyre. Furthermore, Aristotle says that the quality of poetic language is a continual *slight* novelty. It must needs be so, if poetry would perfectly express poetic feeling, which has also a continual slight novelty, being never alike in any two persons, or on any two occasions. In the highest poetry, like that of Milton, these three modes of inflection, metrical, linguistical, and moral, all chime together in praise of the true order of human life, or moral law. Where this is not recognized there is no good art. What are inflections when there is nothing to inflect? You may get the wail of the Aeolian harp, but not music.

Are those great poets wrong, then—the great dramatic poets, especially—whose works abound

with representations of infraction of law and its consequent disasters? No. But there are two kinds of inflection and infraction of law; first, of the inner law, which is inflected when a man feels disposed to covet his neighbor's wife and does not, and infracted when he does; secondly, of the outer and vaster law of God's universal justice, which cannot be infracted, but only inflected, even by sin and disaster; the law by which the man shall find it good that he has not followed his natural inclinations, and that by which the man who has so done shall be effectually convinced that the game was not worth the candle. It must be confessed that a large portion of the writings of the very best poets of the past and passing generation has been not art at all, since the one real theme of art has been absent. But it was not thus that Aeschylus, Dante, Calderon, and Shakespeare understood "art."

The old commonplace that "Art is essentially religious" is so far true as that the true order of human life is the command, and in part the revelation, of God; but all direct allusion to Him may be as completely omitted as it is from the teaching of the Board School, and yet the art may remain "essentially religious." But the mere *intention* of the artist is not enough to make it so. When Homer and Milton invoked the Muse they meant a reality. They asked for supernatural "grace," whereby they might interpret life and nature.

"By grace divine, not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine," says Wordsworth. This gift, without

which none can be a poet, is essentially the same thing as that which makes the Saint. Only art is a superficies and life a solid; and the degree of grace which is enough to make a superficies divinely good and beautiful may leave the solid unaffected. As we all know, a man may be a very good poet, and very little indeed of a Saint. Therefore, I trust that I shall not offend the shade of Shelley, and such of his living successors as feel Shelley's abhorrence of "men who pray," if I say that, notwithstanding their heretical notions of what art should be, there are passages in the works of some of them which distinctly prove that, while writing thus, they were "under the influence of divine grace," of that supernatural spirit without which Nature is not really natural. It is to such passages, and such only, that they owe their claim to be called poets, not to those in which they have ignored or outraged law.

In the very greatest poets, the standard of human law has been absolute sanctity. The keynote of this their theme is usually sounded by them with the utmost reserve and delicacy, especially by Shakespeace, but it is there; and every poet—the natural faculties of the poet being presupposed—will be great in proportion to the strictness with which, in his moral ideal, he follows the counsels of perfection.

GOODNESS AND GAIETY*

By AGNES REPPLIER

"Can surely Virtue hope to find a friend?"
DR. JOHNSON.

Sir Leslie Stephen has recorded his conviction that a sense of humor, being irreconcilable with some cardinal virtues, is lacking in most good men, Father Faber asserted, on the contrary, that a sense of humor is a great help in the religious life, and emphasized this somewhat unusual point of view with the decisive statement: "Perhaps nature does not contribute a greater help to grace than this."

Here are conflicting verdicts to be well considered. Sir Leslie Stephen knew more about humor than did Father Faber; Father Faber knew more about "grace" than did Sir Leslie Stephen; and both disputants were widely acquainted with their fellow men. Sir Leslie Stephen had a pretty wit of his own, but it may have lacked the qualities which make for holiness. There was in it the element of denial. He stood outside, remarks Mr. Birrell cheerily, "with a pail of cold water." Father Faber also possessed a vein of irony which was the outcome of a priestly experience with the cherished

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foibles of the world. He entered unbidden into the shrine where we worship our illusions in secret, and chilled us with unwelcome truths. I know of no harder experience than this. It takes time and trouble to persuade ourselves that the things we want to do are the things we ought to do. We balance our spiritual accounts with care. We insert glib phrases about duty into all our reckonings. There is nothing, or next to nothing, which cannot, if adroitly catalogued, be considered a duty; and it is this delicate mental adjustment which is disturbed by Father Faber's ridicule. "Self-deceit," he caustically observes, "seems to thrive on prayer, and to grow fat on contemplation."

If a sense of humor forces us to be candid with ourselves, then it can be reconciled, not only with the cardinal virtues—which are but a chilly quartette—but with the flaming charities which have consumed the souls of saints. The true humorist, objects Sir Leslie Stephen, sees the world as a tragi-comedy, a Vanity Fair, in which enthusiasm is out of place. But if the true humorist also sees himself presiding, in the sacred name of duty, over a booth in Vanity Fair, he may yet reach perfection. What Father Faber opposed so strenuously were, not the vanities of the profane, of the openly and cheerfully unregenerate, but the vanities of a devout and fashionable congregation, making especial terms—by virtue of its exalted station—with Providence. These were the people whom he regarded all his priestly life with whimsical dismay. "Their voluntary social arrangements," he wrote in *Spiritual*

Conferences, "are the tyranny of circumstances, claiming our tenderest pity, and to be managed like the work of a Xavier, or a Vincent of Paul, which hardly left the saints time to pray. Their sheer worldliness is to be considered as an interior trial, with all manner of cloudy grand things to be said about it. They must avoid uneasiness, for such great graces as theirs can grow only in calmness and tranquillity."

This is irony rather than humor, but it implies a capacity to see the tragi-comedy of the world, without necessarily losing the power of enthusiasm. It also explains why Father Faber regarded an honest sense of the ridiculous as a help to goodness. The man or woman who is impervious to the absurd cannot well be stripped of self-delusion. For him, for her, there is no shaft which wounds. The admirable advice of Thomas à Kempis to keep away from people whom we desire to please, and the quiet perfection of his warning to the censorious, "In judging others, a man toileth in vain; for the most part he is mistaken, and he easily sinneth; but in judging and scrutinizing himself, he always laboreth with profit," can make their just appeal only to the humorous sense. So, too, the counsel of Saint Francis de Sales to the nuns who wanted to go barefooted, "Keep your shoes and change your brains"; the cautious query of Pope Gregory the First, concerning John the Faster, "Does he abstain even from the truth?" Cardinal Newman's axiom, "It is never worth while to call whity-brown white, for the sake of avoiding scandal";

and Father Faber's own felicitous comment on religious "hedgers," "A moderation which consists in taking immoderate liberties with God is hardly what the Fathers of the Desert meant when they preached their crusade in favor of Discretion";—are all spoken to those hardy and humorous souls who can bear to be honest with themselves.

The ardent reformer, intolerant of the ordinary processes of life, the ardent philanthropist, intolerant of an imperfect civilization, the ardent zealot, intolerant of man's unspiritual nature, are seldom disposed to gaiety. A noble impatience of spirit inclines them to anger or to sadness. John Wesley, reformer, philanthropist, zealot, and surpassingly great in all three characters, strangled within his own breast the simple desire to be gay. He was a young man when he formed the resolution, "to labor after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging myself in the least levity of behavior, or in laughter—no, not for a moment"; and for more than fifty years he kept—probably with no great difficulty—this stern resolve. The medieval saying, that laughter has sin for a father and folly for a mother, would have meant to Wesley more than a figure of speech. Nothing could rob him of a dry and bitter humor ("They won't let me go to Bedlam," he wrote, "because they say I make the inmates mad, nor into Newgate, because I make them wicked"); but there was little in his creed or in the scenes of his labors to promote cheerfulness of spirit.

This disciplining of nature, honest, erring

human nature, which could, if permitted, make out a fair case for itself, is not an essential element of the evangelist's code. In the hands of men less great than Wesley, it has been known to nullify the work of a lifetime. The Lincolnshire farmer who, after listening to a sermon on Hell, said to his wife, "Noa, Sally, it woant do. Noa constitootion could stand it," expressed in his own fashion the healthy limit of endurance. Our spiritual constitutions break under a pitiless strain. When we read in the diary of Henry Alline, quoted by Dr. William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, "On Wednesday the twelfth I preached at a wedding, and had the happiness thereby to be the means of excluding carnal mirth," we are not merely sorry for the wedding guests, but beset by doubts as to their moral gain.

Why should Henry Martyn, that fervent young missionary who gave his life for his cause with the straightforward simplicity of a soldier, have regretted so bitterly an occasional lapse into good spirits? He was inhumanly serious, and he prayed by night and day to be saved from his "besetting sin" of levity. He was consumed by the flame of religious zeal, and he bewailed at grievous length, in his diary, his "light, worldly spirit." He toiled unrestingly, taking no heed of his own physical weakness, and he asked himself (when he had a minute to spare) what would become of his soul, should he be struck dead in a "careless mood." We have Mr. Birrell's word for it that once, in an old book about India, he came across an after-dinner

jest of Henry Martyn's; but the idea was so incongruous that the startled essayist was disposed to doubt the evidence of his senses. "There must have been a mistake somewhere."

To such a man the world is not and never can be, a tragi-comedy, and laughter seems forever out of place. When a Madeira negress, a good Christian after her benighted fashion, asked Martyn if the English were ever baptized, he did not think the innocent question funny, he thought it horrible. He found Saint Basil's writings unsatisfactory, as lacking "evangelical truth"; and, could he have heard this great doctor of the Church fling back a witticism in the court of an angry magistrate, he would probably have felt more doubtful than ever concerning the status of the early Fathers. It is a relief to turn from the letters of Martyn, with their aloofness from the cheerful currents of earth, to the letters of Bishop Heber, who, albeit a missionary and a keen one, had always a laugh for the absurdities which beset his wandering life. He could even tell with relish the story of the drunken pedler whom he met in Wales, and who confided to him that, having sold all his wares, he was trying to drink up the proceeds before he got home, lest his wife should take the money away from him. Heber, using the argument which he felt would be of most avail, tried to frighten the man into soberness by picturing his wife's wrath; whereupon the adroit scamp replied that he knew what *that* would be, and had taken the precaution to have his hair cut short, so that she could not get a grip on it. Mar-

tyn could no more have chuckled over this depravity than he could have chuckled over the fallen angels; but Saint Teresa could have laughed outright, her wonderful, merry, infectious laugh, and have then proceeded to plead, to scold, to threaten, to persuade, until a chastened and repentant pedlar, money in hand, and some dim promptings to goodness tugging at his heart, would have tramped bravely and soberly home.

It is so much the custom to obliterate from religious memoirs all vigorous human traits, all incidents which do not tend to edification, and all contemporary criticism which cannot be smoothed into praise, that what is left seems to the disheartened reader only a pale shadow of life. It is hard to make any biography illustrate a theme, or prove an argument; and the process by which such results are obtained is so artificial as to be open to the charge of untruth. Because General Havelock was a good Baptist as well as a good soldier, because he expressed a belief in the efficacy of prayer (like Cromwell's "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry"), and because he wrote to his wife, when sent to the relief of Lucknow, "May God give me wisdom and strength for the work!"—which, after all, was a natural enough thing for any man to say—he was made the subject of a memoir determinedly and depressingly devout, in which his family letters were annotated as though they were the epistles of Saint Paul. Yet this was the man who, when Lucknow *was* relieved, behaved as if nothing out of the ordinary had hap-

pened to besiegers or besieged. "He shook hands with me," wrote Lady Inglis in her journal, "and observed that he feared we had suffered a great deal." That was all. He might have said as much had the little garrison been incommoded by a spell of unusual heat, or by an epidemic of measles.

As a matter of fact, piety is a by no means uncommon attribute of soldiers, and there was no need on the part of the Reverend Mr. Brock, who compiled these shadowy pages, to write as though General Havelock had been a rare species of the genus military. We know that what the English Puritans especially resented in Prince Rupert was his insistence on regimental prayers. They could pardon his raids, his breathless charges, his bewildering habit of appearing where he was least expected or desired; but that he should usurp their own especial prerogative of piety was more than they could bear. It is probable that Rupert's own private petitions resembled the memorable prayer offered by Sir Jacob Astley (a hardy old Cavalier who was both devout and humorous) before the battle of Edgehill: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys!"

If it were not for a few illuminating anecdotes, and the thrice blessed custom of letter writing, we should never know what manner of thing human goodness, exalted human goodness, is; and so acquiesce ignorantly in Sir Leslie Stephen's judgment. The sinners of the world stand out clear and distinct, full of vitality, and of an engaging

candor. The saints of Heaven shine dimly through a nebulous haze of hagiology. They are embodiments of inaccessible virtues, as remote from us and from our neighbors as if they had lived on another planet. There is no more use in asking us to imitate these incomprehensible creatures than there would be in asking us to climb by easy stages to the moon. Without some common denominator, sinner and saint are as aloof from each other as sinner and archangel. Without some clue to the saint's spiritual identity, the record of his labors and hardships, fasts, visions, and miracles offers nothing more helpful than bewilderment. We may be edified or we may be sceptical, according to our temperament and training; but a profound unconcern devitalizes both scepticism and edification. What have we mortals in common with these perfected prodigies of grace?

It was Cardinal Newman who first entered a protest against "minced" saints, against the pious and popular custom of chopping up human records into lessons for the devout. He took exception to the hagiological license which assigns lofty motives to trivial actions. "The saint from humility made no reply." "The saint was silent out of compassion for the ignorance of the speaker." He invited us to approach the Fathers of the Church in their unguarded moments, in their ordinary avocations, in their moods of gaiety and depression and, when we accepted the invitation, these figures, lofty and remote, became imbued with life. It is one thing to know that Saint Chrysostom retired at twenty-

three to a monastery near Antioch, and there spent six years in seclusion and study. It is another and more enlightening thing to be made aware, through the medium of his own letters, that he took this step with reasonable doubts and misgivings—doubts which extended to the freshness of the monastery bread, misgivings which concerned themselves with the sweetness of the monastery oil. When we read these candid expressions of anxiety, Saint Chrysostom, by virtue of his healthy young appetite, and his distaste (which any poor sinner can share) for rancid oil, becomes a man and a brother. It is yet more consoling to know that when well advanced in sainthood, when old, austere, exiled, and suffering many privations for conscience's sake, Chrysostom was still disposed to be a trifle fastidious about his bread. He writes from Cæsarea to Theodora that he has at last found clean water to drink, and bread which can be chewed. "Moreover, I no longer wash myself in broken crockery, but have contrived some sort of bath; also I have a bed to which I can confine myself."

If Saint Chrysostom possessed, according to Newman, a cheerful temper, and "a sunniness of mind all his own," Saint Gregory of Nazianzus was a fair humorist, and Saint Basil was a wit. "Pensive playfulness" is Newman's phrase for Basil, but there was a speed about his retorts which did not always savor of pensiveness. When the furious governor of Pontus threatened to tear out his liver, Basil, confirmed invalid, replied suavely,

"It is a kind intention. My liver, as at present located, has given me nothing but uneasiness."

To Gregory, Basil was not only guide, philosopher, and friend, but also a cherished target for his jests. It has been wisely said that we cannot really love anybody at whom we never laugh. Gregory loved Basil, revered him, and laughed at him. Does Basil complain, not unnaturally, that Tiberian is cold, damp, and muddy, Gregory writes to him unsympathetically that he is a "clean-footed, tip-toeing, capering man." Does Basil promise a visit, Gregory sends word to Amphilochus that he must have some fine pot-herbs, "lest Basil should be hungry and cross." Does Gregory visit Basil in his solitude at Pontus, he expresses in no measured terms his sense of the discomfort he endures. It would be hard to find, in all the annals of correspondence, a letter written with more laudable and well-defined intention of teasing its recipient than the one dispatched to Basil by Gregory after he has made good his escape from the austerities of his friend's housekeeping.

"I have remembrance of the bread and of the broth—so they are named—and shall remember them; how my teeth stuck in your lunches, and lifted and heaved themselves as out of paste. You, indeed, will set it out in tragic style, taking a sublime tone from your own sufferings; but for me, unless that true Lady Bountiful, your mother, had rescued me quickly, showing herself in my need like a haven to the tempest-tossed, I had been dead

long ago, getting myself little honor, though much pity, from Pontic hospitality."

This is not precisely the tone in which the lives of the saints (of any saints of any creeds) are written. Therefore is it better to read what the saints say for themselves than what has been said about them. This is not precisely the point of view which is presented unctuously for our consideration, yet it makes all other points of view intelligible. It is contrary to human nature to court privation. We know that the saints did court them, and valued them as avenues to grace. It is in accord with human nature to meet privations cheerfully, and with a whimsical sense of discomfiture. When we hear the echo of a saint's laughter ringing down the centuries, we have a clue to his identity; not to his whole and heroic self, but to that portion of him which we can best understand, and with which we claim some humble brotherhood. We ourselves are not hunting assiduously for hardships; but which one of us has not summoned up courage enough to laugh in the face of disaster?

There is no reading less conducive to good spirits than the recitals of missionaries, or than such pitiless records as those compiled by Dr. Thomas William Marshall in his two portly volumes on *Christian Missions.* The heathen, as portrayed by Dr. Marshall, does not in the least resemble the heathen made familiar to us by the hymns and tracts of our infancy. So far from calling on us to deliver their land "from error's chain," they mete

out prompt and cruel death to their deliverers. So far from thirsting for Gospel truths, they thirst for the blood of the intruders. This is frankly discouraging, and we could never read so many pages of disagreeable happenings were it not for the gaiety of the letters which Dr. Marshall quotes, and which deal less in heroics than in pleasantries. Such men as Bishop Berneux, the Abbé Rétord, and Father Féron, missionaries in Cochin China and Korea, all possessed that protective sense of humor which kept up their spirits and their enthusiasms. Father Féron, for example, hidden away in the "Valley of the Pines," six hundred miles from safety, writes to his sister in the autumn of 1858:

> I am lodged in one of the finest houses in the village, that of the catechist, an opulent man. It is considered to be worth a pound sterling. Do not laugh; there are some of the value of eightpence. My room has a sheet of paper for a door, the rain filters through my grass-covered roof as fast as it falls outside, and two large kettles barely suffice to receive it. . . . The Prophet Elisha, at the house of the Shunamite, had for furniture a bed, a table, a chair, and a candlestick—four pieces in all. No superfluity there. Now if I search well, I can also find four articles in my room; a wooden candlestick, a trunk, a pair of shoes, and a pipe. Am I, then, richer or poorer than the Prophet? It is not an easy question to answer, for, granting that his

> quarters were more comfortable than mine, yet none of the things belonged to him; while in my case, although the candlestick is borrowed from the chapel, and the trunk from Monseigneur Berneux, the shoes (worn only when I say Mass) and the pipe are my very own.

Surely if one chanced to be the sister of a missionary in Korea, and apprehensive, with good cause, of his personal safety, this is the kind of a letter one would be glad to receive. The comfort of finding one's brother disinclined to take what Saint Gregory calls "a sublime tone" would tend—illogically, I own—to ease the burden of anxiety. Even the remote reader, sick of discouraging details, experiences a renewal of confidence, and all because Father Feron's good humor is of the common kind which we can best understand, and with which it befits every one of us to meet the vicissitudes of life.

I have said that the ardent reformer is seldom gay. Small wonder, when his eyes are turned upon the dark places of earth, and his whole strength is consumed in combat. Yet Saint Teresa, the most redoubtable reformer of her day, was gay. No other word expresses the quality of her gladness. She was not only spiritually serene, she was humanly gay, and this in the face of acute ill-health, and many profound discouragements. We have the evidence of all her contemporaries—friends, nuns, patrons, and confessors; and we have the far more enduring testimony of her letters, in proof of

this mirthfulness of spirit, which won its way into hearts, and lightened the austerities of her rule. "A very cheerful and gentle disposition, an excellent temper, and absolutely void of melancholy," wrote Ribera. "So merry that when she laughed, everyone laughed with her, but very grave when she was serious."

There is a strain of humor, a delicate and somewhat biting wit in the correspondence of Saint Teresa, and in her admonitions to her nuns. There is also an inspired common sense which we hardly expect to find in the writings of a religious and a mystic. But Teresa was not withdrawn from the world. She traveled incessantly from one end of Spain to the other, establishing new foundations, visiting her convents, and dealing with all classes of men, from the soldier to the priest, from the prince to the peasant. The severity of her discipline was tempered by a tolerant and half-amused insight into the pardonable foibles of humanity. She held back her nuns with one hand from "the frenzy of self-mortification," which is the mainstay of spiritual vanity, and with the other hand from a too solicitous regard for their own comfort and convenience. They were not to consider that the fear of a headache—a non-existent headache threatening the future—was sufficient excuse for absenting themselves from choir; and, if they were too ailing to practice any other austerities, the rule of silence, she reminded them, could do the feeblest no harm. "Do not contend wordily over matters of no consequence," was her counsel of perfection.

"Fly a thousand leagues from such observations as 'You see I was right,' or 'They did me an injustice.' "

Small wonder that peace reigned among the discalced Carmelites so long as Teresa ruled. Practical and fearless (save when a lizard ran up her sleeve, on which occasion she confesses she nearly "died of fright"), her much-sought advice was always on the side of reason. Asceticism she prized; dirt she abhorred. "For the love of Heaven," she wrote to the Provincial, Gratian, then occupied with his first foundation of discalced friars, "let your fraternity be careful that they have clean beds and tablecloths, even though it be more expensive, for it is a terrible thing not to be cleanly." No persuasion could induce her to retain a novice whom she believed to be unfitted for her rule: "We women are not so easy to know," was her scornful reply to the Jesuit, Olea, who held his judgment in such matters infallible; but nevertheless her practical soul yearned over a well-dowered nun. When an "excellent novice" with a fortune of six thousand ducats presented herself at the gates of the poverty-stricken convent in Seville, Teresa, then in Avila, was consumed with anxiety lest such an acquisition should, through some blunder, be lost. "For the love of God," wrote the wise old saint to the prioress in Seville, "if she enters, bear with a few defects, for well does she deserve it."

This is not the type of anecdote which looms large in the volumes of "minced saints" prepared for pious readers, and its absence has accustomed

us to dissever humor from sanctity. But a candid soul is, as a rule, a humorous soul, awake to the tragi-comic aspect of life, and immaculately free from self-deception. And to such souls, cast like Teresa's in heroic mould, comes the perception of great moral truths, together with the sturdy strength which supports enthusiasm in the face of human disabilities. They are the lantern-bearers of every age, of every race, of every creed, *les âmes bien nées* whom it behooves us to approach fearlessly out of the darkness, for so only can we hope to understand.

CHRISTIANITY AND LETTERS*

By JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

1

I must go back, Gentlemen, a very great way, and ask you to review the course of Civilization since the beginning of history. When we survey the stream of human affairs for the last three thousand years, we find it to run thus: At first sight there is so much fluctuation, agitation, ebbing and flowing, that we may despair to discern any law in its movements, taking the earth as its bed, and mankind as its contents; but, on looking more closely and attentively, we shall discern, in spite of the heterogeneous materials and the various histories and fortunes which are found in the race of man during the long period I have mentioned, a certain formation amid the chaos—one and one only—and extending, though not over the whole earth, yet through a very considerable portion of it. Man is a social being and can hardly exist without society, and in matter of fact societies have ever existed all over the habitable earth. The greater part of these associations have been political or religious, and have been comparatively limited in extent, and temporary. They have been formed

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and dissolved by the force of accidents or by inevitable circumstances; and, when we have enumerated them one by one, we have made of them all that can be made. But there is one remarkable association which attracts the attention of the philosopher, not political nor religious, or at least only partially and not essentially such, which began in the earliest times and grew with each succeeding age, till it reached its complete development, and then continued on, vigorous and unwearied, and which still remains as definite and as firm as ever it was. Its bond is a common civilization; and, though there are other civilizations in the world, as there are other societies, yet this civilization, together with the society which is its creation and its home, is so distinctive and luminous in its character, so imperial in its extent, so imposing in its duration, and so utterly without rival upon the face of the earth, that the association may fitly assume to itself the title of "Human Society" and its civilization the abstract term "Civilization."

There are indeed great outlying portions of mankind which are not, perhaps never have been, included in this Human Society; still they are outlying portions and nothing else, fragmentary, unsociable, solitary, and unmeaning, protesting and revolting against the grand central formation of which I am speaking, but not uniting with each other into a second whole. I am not denying of course the civilization of the Chinese, for instance, though it be not our civilization; but it is a huge, stationary, unattractive, morose civilization. Nor

do I deny a civilization to the Hindoos, nor to the ancient Mexicans, nor to the Saracens, nor (in a certain sense) to the Turks; but each of these races has its own civilization, as separate from one another as from ours. I do not see how they can be all brought under one idea. Each stands by itself, as if the other were not; each is local, many of them are temporary; none of them will bear a comparison with the Society and the Civilization which I have described as alone having a claim to those names, and on which I am going to dwell.

Gentlemen, let me here observe that I am not entering upon the question of races, or upon their history. I have nothing to do with ethnology. I take things as I find them on the surface of history, and am but classing phenomena. Looking, then, at the countries which surround the Mediterranean Sea as a whole, I see them to be, from time immemorial, the seat of an association of intellect and mind, such as to deserve to be called the Intellect and the Mind of the Human Kind. Starting as it does and advancing from certain centres, till their respective influences intersect and conflict, and then at length intermingle and combine, a common Thought has been generated, and a common Civilization defined and established. Egypt is one such starting point, Syria another, Greece a third, Italy a fourth, and North America a fifth—afterwards France and Spain. As time goes on, and as colonization and conquest work their changes, we see a great association of nations formed, of which the Roman empire is the maturity and the most intel-

ligible expression; an association, however, not political, but mental, based on the same intellectual ideas, and advancing by common intellectual methods. And this association or social commonwealth, with whatever reverses, changes, and momentary dissolutions, continues down to this day; not, indeed, precisely on the same territory, but with such only partial and local disturbances, and, on the other hand, with so combined and harmonious a movement, and such a visible continuity, that it would be utterly reasonable to deny that it is throughout all that interval but one and the same.

In its earliest age it included far more of the Eastern world than it has since; in these later times it has taken into its compass a new hemisphere; in the Middle Ages it lost Africa, Egypt, and Syria, and extended itself to Germany, Scandinavia, and the British Isles. At one time its territory was flooded by strange and barbarous races, but the existing civilization was vigorous enough to vivify what threatened to stifle it, and to assimilate to the old social forms what came to expel them; and thus the civilization of modern times remains what it was of old, not Chinese, or Hindoo, or Mexican, or Saracenic, or of any new description hitherto unknown, but the lineal descendant, or rather the continuation, *mutatis mutandis,* of the civilization which began in Palestine and Greece.

Considering, then, the characteristics of this great civilized Society, which I have already insisted on, I think it has a claim to be considered as the repre-

sentative Society and Civilization of the human race, as its perfect result and limit, in fact—those portions of the race which do not coalesce with it being left to stand by themselves as anomalies, unaccountable indeed, but for that very reason not interfering with what on the contrary has been turned to account and has grown into a whole. I call this commonwealth, then, preeminently and emphatically Human Society, and its intellect the Human Mind, and its decisions the sense of mankind, and its disciplined and cultivated state Civilization in the abstract, and the territory on which it lies the *orbis terrarum,* or the World. For, unless the illustration be fanciful, the object which I am contemplating is like the impression of a seal upon the wax; which rounds off and gives form to the greater portion of the soft material, and presents something definite to the eye, and preoccupies the space against any second figure, so that we overlook and leave out of our thoughts the jagged outline or meaning lumps outside of it, intent upon the harmonious circle which fills the imagination within it.

2

Now, before going on to speak of the education, and the standards of education, which the Civilized World, as I may now call it, has enjoined and requires, I wish to draw your attention, Gentlemen, to the circumstance that this same *orbis terrarum,* which has been the seat of Civilization, will be found, on the whole, to be the seat also of the supernatural society and system which

our Maker has given us directly from Himself, the Christian Polity. The natural and divine associations are not indeed exactly coincident, nor ever have been. As the territory of Civilization has varied with itself in different ages, while on the whole it has been the same, so, in like manner, Christianity has fallen partly outside Civilization, and Civilization partly outside of Christianity; but, on the whole, the two have occupied one and the same *orbis terrarum.* Often, indeed, they have even moved *pari passu,* and at all times there has been found the most intimate connection between them. Christianity waited till the *orbis terrarum* attained its most perfect form before it appeared; and it soon coalesced, and has ever since cooperated, and often seemed identical, with the Civilization which is its companion.

There are certain analogies, too, which hold between Civilization and Christianity. As Civilization does not cover the whole earth, neither does Christianity; but there is nothing else like the one, and nothing else like the other. Each is the only thing of its kind. Again, there are, as I have already said, large outlying portions of the world in a certain sense cultivated and educated, which, if they could exist together in one, would go far to constitute a second *orbis terrarum,* the home of a second distinct civilization; but every one of these is civilized on its own principle and idea, or at least they are separated from each other, and have not run together, while the Civilization and So-

ciety which I have been describing is one organized whole. And, in like manner, Christianity coalesces into one vast body, based upon common ideas; yet there are large outlying organizations of religion independent of each other and of it. Moreover, Christianity, as is the case in the parallel instance of Civilization, continues on in the world without interruption from the date of its rise, while other religious bodies, huge, local, and isolated, are rising and falling, or are helplessly stationary, from age to age, on all sides of it.

There is another remarkable analogy between Christianity and Civilization, and the mention of it will introduce my proper subject, to which what I have hitherto said is merely a preparation. We know that Christianity is built upon definite ideas, principles, doctrines, and writings, which were given at the time of its first introduction, and have never been superseded, and admit of no addition. I am not going to parallel any thing which is the work of man, and in the natural order, with what is from heaven, and in consequence infallible, and irreversible, and obligatory; but, after making this reserve, lest I should possibly be misunderstood, still I would remark that, in matter of fact, looking at the state of the case historically, Civilization too has its common principles, and views, and teachings, and especially its books, which have more or less been given from the earliest times, and are, in fact, in equal esteem and respect, in equal use now, as they were when they were received in the beginning. In a word, the Classics, and the subjects of

thought and the studies to which they give rise, or, to use the term most to our present purpose, the Arts, have ever, on the whole, been the instruments of education which the civilized *orbis terrarum* has adopted; just as inspired works, and the lives of the saints, and the articles of faith, and the catechism, have ever been the instrument of education in the case of Christianity.

3

In the country which has been the fountainhead of intellectual gifts, in the age which preceded or introduced the first formations of Human Society, in an era scarcely historical, we may dimly discern an almost mythical personage, who, putting out of consideration the actors in Old Testament history, may be called the first Apostle of Civilization. Like an Apostle in a higher order of things, he was poor and a wanderer, and feeble in the flesh, though he was to do such great things, and to live in the mouths of a hundred generations and a thousand tribes. A blind old man, whose wanderings were such that, when he became famous, his birthplace could not be ascertained, so that it was said,

> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.
> Seven famous towns contend for Homer dead,

Yet he had a name in his day; and, little guessing in what vast measures his wish would be answered, he supplicated, with a tender human sentiment, as he wandered over the islands of the Aegean and the Asian coasts, that those who had

known and loved him would cherish his memory when he was away. Unlike the proud boast of the Roman poet, if he spoke it in earnest, "Exegi monumentum aere perennius," he did but indulge the hope that one, whose coming had been expected with pleasure, might excite regret when he had departed, and be rewarded by the sympathy and praise of his friends even in the presence of other minstrels. A set of verses remains, which is ascribed to him, in which he addresses the Delian women in the tone of feeling which I have described. "Farewell to you all," he says, "and remember me in time to come, and when anyone of men on earth, a stranger from far, shall inquire of you, O maidens, who is the sweetest of minstrels here about, and in whom do you most delight? then make answer modestly, It is a blind man, and he lives in steep Chios."

The great poet remained unknown for some centuries, that is, unknown to what we call fame. His verses were cherished by his countrymen; they might be the secret delight of thousands, but they were not collected into a volume, nor viewed as a whole, nor made a subject of criticism. At length an Athenian Prince took upon him the task of gathering together the scattered fragments of a genius which had not aspired to immortality, of reducing them to writing, and of fitting them to be the textbook of ancient education. Henceforth the vagrant ballad-singer, as he might be thought, was submitted, to his surprise, to a sort of literary canonization, and was invested with the office of form-

ing the young mind of Greece to noble thoughts and bold deeds. To be read in Homer soon became the education of a gentleman; and a rule, recognized in her free age, remained as a tradition even in the times of her degradation. Xenophon introduces to us a youth who knew both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart; Dio witnesses that they were some of the first books put into the hands of boys; and Horace decided that they taught the science of life better than Stoic or Academic. Alexander the Great nourished his imagination by the scenes of the *Iliad*. As time went on, other poets were associated with Homer in the work of education, such as Hesiod and the Tragedians. The majestic lessons concerning duty and religion, justice and providence, which occur in Aeschylus and Sophocles, belong to a higher school than that of Homer; and the verses of Euripides, even in his lifetime, were so familiar to Athenian lips and so dear to foreign ears, that, as is reported, the captives of Syracuse gained their freedom at the price of reciting them to their conquerors.

Such poetry may be considered oratory also, since it has so great a power of persuasion; and the alliance between these two gifts had existed from the time that the verses of Orpheus had, according to fable, made woods and streams and wild animals to follow him about. Soon, however, Oratory became the subject of a separate art, which was called Rhetoric, and of which the Sophists were the chief masters. Moreover, as Rhetoric was especially political in its nature, it presupposed or introduced the

cultivation of History, and thus the pages of Thucydides became one of the special studies by which Demosthenes rose to be the first orator of Greece.

But it is needless to trace out further the formation of the course of liberal education; it is sufficient to have given some specimens in illustration of it. The studies, which it was found to involve, were four principal ones, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, and Mathematics; and the science of Mathematics, again, was divided into four, Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy, and Music; making in all seven, which are known by the name of the Seven Liberal Arts. And thus a definite school of intellect was formed, founded on ideas and methods of a distinctive character, and (as we may say) of the highest and truest character, as far as they went, and which gradually associated in one, and assimilated, and took possession of that multitude of nations which I have considered to represent mankind, and to possess the *orbis terrarum.*

When we pass from Greece to Rome, we are met with the common remark that Rome produced little that was original, but borrowed from Greece. It is true; Terence copied from Menander, Virgil from Homer, Hesiod, and Theocritus; and Cicero professed merely to reproduce the philosophy of Greece. But, granting its truth even so far, I do but take it as a proof of the sort of instinct which has guided the course of Civilization. The world was to have certain intellectual teachers, and no others; Homer and Aristotle, with the poets and philosophers who circle around them, were to be the schoolmasters of

all generations, and therefore the Latins, falling into the law on which the world's education was to be carried on, so added to the classical library as not to reverse or interfere with what had already been determined. And there was the more meaning in this arrangement, when it is considered that Greek was to be forgotten during many centuries, and the tradition of intellectual training to be conveyed through Latin; for this the world was secured against the consequences of a loss which would have changed the character of its civilization. I think it very remarkable, too, how soon the Latin writers became textbooks in the boys' schools.

I need not go on to show at length that they have preserved their place in the system of education in the *orbis terrarum,* and the Greek writers with them or through them, down to this day. The induction of centuries has often been made. Even in the lowest state of learning the tradition was kept up. St. Gregory the Great, whose era, not to say whose influence, is often considered especially unfavorable to the old literature, was himself well versed in it, encouraged purity of Latinity in his court and is said figuratively by the contemporary historian of his life to have supported the hall of the Apostolic See upon the columns of the Seven Liberal Arts. In the ninth century, when the dark age was close at hand, we still hear of the cultivation, with whatever success (according of course to the opportunities of the times, but I am speaking of the nature of the studies, not of the proficiency of the students), the cultivation of Music, Dialectics, Rhet-

oric, Grammar, Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, and Geometry; of the supremacy of Horace in the schools, "and the great Virgil, Sallust, and Statius." In the thirteenth or following centuries, of "Virgil, Lucian, Statius, Ovid, Livy, Sallust, Cicero, and Quintilian"; and after the revival of literature in the commencement of the modern era, we find St. Cailo Borromeo enjoining the use of works of Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, and Horace.

4

I pass thus cursorily over the series of informations which history gives us on the subject, merely with a view of recalling to your memory, Gentlemen, and impressing upon you the fact, that the literature of Greece, continued into, and enriched by, the literature of Rome, together with the studies which it involves, has been the instrument of education, and the food of civilization, from the first times of the world down to this day; and now we are in a condition to answer the question which thereupon arises, when we turn to consider, by way of contrast, the teaching which is characteristic of Universities. How has it come to pass that, although the genius of Universities is so different from that of schools which preceded them, nevertheless the course of study pursued in those schools was not superseded in the Middle Ages by those more brilliant sciences which Universities introduced? It might have seemed as if Scholastic Theology, Law and Medicine would have thrown the Seven Liberal Arts into the shade, but in the event they failed to

do so. I consider the reason to be that the authority and function of the monastic and secular schools, as supplying to the young the means of education, lay deeper than in any appointment of Charlemagne, who was their nominal founder, and were based in the special character of that civilization which is so intimately associated with Christianity, that it may even be called the soil out of which Christianity grew. The medieval sciences, great as is their dignity and utility, were never intended to supersede that more real and proper cultivation of the mind which is effected by the study of the Liberal Arts; and when certain of these sciences did in fact go out of their province and did attempt to prejudice the traditional course of education the encroachment was in matter of fact resisted. There were those in the Middle Ages, as John Salisbury, who vigorously protested against the extravagances and usurpations which ever attend the introduction of any great good whatever, and which attended the rise of the peculiar science of which Universities were the seat; and, though there were times when the old traditions seemed to be on the point of failing, somehow it has happened that they have never failed; for the instinct of Civilization and the common sense of Society prevailed, and the danger passed away, and the studies which seemed to be going out gained their ancient place, and were acknowledged, as before, to be the best instruments of mental cultivation, and the best guarantees for intellectual progress.

And this experience of the past we may apply

to the circumstances in which we find ourselves at present; for, as there was a movement against the Classics in the Middle Ages, so has there been now. The truth of the Baconian method for the purposes for which it was created, and its inestimable services and inexhaustible applications in their interests of our material well-being, have dazzled the imaginations of men, somewhat in the same way as certain new sciences carried them away in the age of Abelard; and since that method does such wonders in its own province, it is not infrequently supposed that it can do as much in any other province also. Now, Bacon himself never would have so argued; he would not have needed to be reminded that to advance the useful arts is one thing, and to cultivate the mind another. The simple question to be considered is how best to strengthen, refine, and enrich the intellectual powers; the perusal of the poets, historians, and philosophers of Greece and Rome will accomplish this purpose, as long experience has shown; but that the study of the experimental sciences will do the like is proved to us as yet by no experience whatever.

Far indeed am I from denying the extreme attractiveness, as well as the practical benefit to the world at large, of the sciences of Chemistry, Electricity, and Geology; but the question is not what department of study contains the more wonderful facts, or promises the more brilliant discoveries, and which is in the higher and which in an inferior rank; but simply which out of all provides the most robust and invigorating discipline for the unformed

mind. And I conceive it is as little disrespectful to Lord Bacon to prefer the Classics in this point of view to the sciences which have grown out of his philosophy as it would be disrespectful to St. Thomas in the Middle Ages to have hindered the study of *Summa* from doing prejudice to the Faculty of Arts. Accordingly, I anticipate that, as in the Middle Ages both the teaching and the government of the University remained in the Faculty of Arts, in spite of the genius which created or illustrated Theology or Law, so now too, whatever be the splendor of the modern philosophy, the marvelousness of its disclosures, the utility of its acquisitions, and the talent of its masters, still it will not avail, in the event, to detrude classical literature and the studies connected with it from the place which they have held in all ages in education.

And while we thus recur to Greece and Athens with pleasure and affection, and recognize in that famous land the source and the school of intellectual culture, it would be strange indeed if we forgot to look further south also, and there to bow before a more glorious luminary, and a more sacred oracle of truth, and the source of another sort of knowledge, high and supernatural, which is seated in Palestine. Jerusalem is the fountainhead of religious knowledge, as Athens is of secular. In the ancient world we see two centres of illumination, acting independently of each other, each with its own movement, and at first apparently without any promise of convergence. Greek civilization spreads over the East, conquering in the conquests of

Alexander, and, when carried captive into the West, subdues the conquerors who brought it thither. Religion, on the other hand, is driven from its aboriginal home to the North and West by reason of the sins of the people who were in charge of it, in a long course of judgments and plagues and persecutions. Each by itself pursues its career and fulfills its mission; neither of them recognizes, nor is recognized by the other. At length the Temple of Jerusalem is rooted up by the armies of Titus, and the effete schools of Athens are stifled by the edict of Justinian. So pass away the ancient Voices of religion and learning; but they are silenced only to revive more gloriously and perfectly elsewhere. Hitherto they came from separate sources, and performed separate works. Each leaves an heir and successor in the West, and that heir and successor is one and the same. The grace stored in Jerusalem, and the gifts which radiate from Athens, are made over and concentrated in Rome. This is true as a matter of history. Rome has inherited both sacred and profane learning; she has perpetuated and dispensed the traditions of Moses and David in the supernatural order, and of Homer and Aristotle in the natural. To separate those distinct teachings, human and divine, which meet in Rome, is to retrograde; it is to rebuild the Jewish Temple and to plant anew the groves of Academus.

THE STORY OF THE VOW*

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Charles Lamb, with his fine fantastic instinct for combinations that are also contrasts, has noted somewhere a contrast between St. Valentine and valentines. There seems a comic incongruity in such lively and frivolous flirtations still depending on the date and title of an ascetic and celibate bishop of the Dark Ages. The paradox lends itself to his treatment, and there is a truth in his view of it. Perhaps it may seem even more of a paradox to say there is no paradox. In such cases unification appears more provocative than division; and it may seem idly contradictory to deny the contradiction. And yet in truth there is no contradiction. In the deepest sense there is a very real similarity, which puts St. Valentine and his valentines on one side, and most of the modern world on the other. I should hesitate to ask even a German professor to collect, collate, and study carefully all the valentines in the world, with the object of tracing a philosophical principle running through them. But, if he did, I have no doubt about the philosophic principle he would find. However trivial, however imbecile, however vulgar or vapid

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or stereotyped the imagery of such things might be, it would always involve one idea, the same idea that makes lovers laboriously chip their initials on a tree or a rock, in a sort of monogram of monogamy. It may be a cockney trick to tie one's love on a tree; though Orlando did it, and would now doubtless be arrested by the police for breaking the bylaws of the Forest of Arden. I am not here concerned especially to commend the habit of cutting one's own name and private address in large letters on the front of the Parthenon, across the face of the Sphinx, or in any other nook or corner where it may chance to arrest the sentimental interest of posterity. But like many other popular things, of the sort that can generally be found in Shakespeare, there is a meaning in it that would probably be missed by a less popular poet, like Shelley. There is a very permanent truth in the fact that two free persons deliberately tie themselves to a log of wood. And it is the idea of tying oneself to something that runs through all this old amorous allegory like a pattern of fetters. There is always the notion of hearts chained together, or skewered together, or in some manner secured; there is a security that can only be called captivity. That it frequently fails to secure itself has nothing to do with the present point. The point is that every philosophy of sex must fail, which does not account for its ambition of fixity, as well as for its experience of failure. There is nothing to make Orlando commit himself on the sworn evidence of the nearest tree. He is not bound to be bound;

he is under constraint, but nobody constrains him to be under constraint. In short, Orlando took a vow to marry precisely as Valentine took a vow not to marry. Nor could any ascetic, without being a heretic, have asserted in the wildest reactions of asceticism, that the vow of Orlando was not lawful as well as the vow of Valentine. But it is a notable fact that even when it was not lawful, it was still a vow. Through all that medieval culture, which has left us the legend of romance, there ran this pattern of a chain, which was felt as binding even where it ought not to bind. The lawless loves of medieval legends all have their own law, and especially their own loyalty, as in the tales of Tristram or Lancelot. In this sense we might say that medieval profligacy was more fixed than modern marriage. I am not here discussing either modern or medieval ethics, in the matter of what they did say or ought to say of such things. I am only noting as a historical fact the insistence of the medieval imagination, even at its wildest, upon one particular idea. That idea is the idea of the vow. It might be the vow which St. Valentine took; it might be a lesser vow which he regarded as lawful; it might be a wild vow which he regarded as quite lawless. But the whole society which made such festivals and bequeathed to us such traditions was full of the idea of vows, and we must recognize this notion, even if we think it nonsensical, as the note of the whole civilization. And Valentine and the valentine both express it for us; even more if we feel them both as exag-

gerated, or even as exaggerating opposites. Those extremes meet; and they meet in the same place. Their trysting-place is by the tree on which the lover hung his love letters. And even if the lover hung himself on the tree, instead of his literary composition, even that act had about it also an indefinable flavor of finality.

It is often said by the critics of Christian origins that certain ritual feasts, processions, or dances are really of pagan origin. They might as well say that our legs are of pagan origin. Nobody ever disputed that humanity was human before it was Christian; and no Church manufactured the legs with which men walked or danced, either in a pilgrimage or a ballet. What can really be maintained, so as to carry not a little conviction, is this: that where such a Church has existed it has *preserved* not only the processions but the dances; not only the cathedral but the carnival. One of the chief claims of Christian civilization is to have preserved things of pagan origin. In short, in the old religious countries men *continue* to dance; while in the new scientific cities they are often content to drudge.

But when this saner view of history is realized, there does remain something more mystical and difficult to define. Even heathen things are Christian when they have been preserved by Christianity. Chivalry is something recognizably different even from the *virtus* of Virgil. Charity is something exceedingly different from the plain city of Homer. Even our patriotism is something more subtle than

the undivided lover of the city; and the change is felt in the most permanent things, such as the love of landscape or the love of woman. To define the differentiation in all these things will always be hopelessly difficult. But I would here suggest one element in the change which is perhaps too much neglected; which at any rate ought not to be neglected; the nature of a vow. I might express it by saying that pagan antiquity was the age of status; that Christian medievalism was the age of vows; and that sceptical modernity has been the age of contracts; or rather has tried to be, and has failed.

The outstanding example of status was slavery. Needless to say slavery does not mean tyranny; indeed, it needs only be regarded relatively to other things to be regarded as charity. The idea of slavery is that large numbers of men are meant and made to do the heavy work of the world, and that others, while taking the margin of profits, must nevertheless support them while they do it. The point is not whether the work is excessive or moderate, or whether the condition is comfortable or uncomfortable. The point is that his work is chosen for the man, his status fixed for the man; and this status is forced on him by law. As Mr. Balfour said about Socialism, that is slavery and nothing else is slavery. The slave might well be, and often was, far more comfortable than the average free laborer; and certainly far more lazy than the average peasant. He was a slave because he had not reached his position by choice, or promise, or bargain, but merely by status.

It is admitted that, when Christianity had been for some time at work in the world, this ancient servile status began in some mysterious manner to disappear. I suggest here that one of the forms which the new spirit took was the importance of the vow. Feudalism, for instance, differed from slavery chiefly because feudalism was a vow. The vassal put his hands in those of his lord, and vowed to be his man; but there was an accent on the noun substantive as well as on the possessive pronoun. By swearing to be his man, he proved he was not his chattel. Nobody exacts a promise from a pick-axe, or expects a poker to swear everlasting friendship with the tongs. Nobody takes the word of a spade; and nobody ever took the word of a slave. It marks at least a special stage of transition that the form of freedom was essential to the fact of service, or even of servitude. In this way it is not a coincidence that the word homage actually means manhood. And if there was vow instead of status even in the static parts of Feudalism, it is needless to say that there was a wilder luxuriance of vows in the more adventurous part of it. The whole of what we call chivalry was one great vow. Vows of chivalry varied infinitely from the most solid to the most fantastic; from a vow to give all the spoils of conquest to the poor to a vow to refrain from shaving until the first glimpse of Jerusalem. As I have remarked, this rule of loyalty, even in the unruly exceptions which proved the rule, ran through all the romances and song of the troubadours; and there were always vows even when they were very

far from being marriage vows. The idea is as much present in what they called the Gay Science, of love, as in what they called the Divine Science, of theology. The modern reader will smile at the mention of these things as sciences; and will turn to the study of sociology, ethnology, and psycho-analysis; for if these are sciences (about which I would not divulge a doubt) at least nobody would insult them by calling them either gay or divine.

I mean here to emphasize the presence, and not even to settle the proportion, of this new notion in the Middle Ages. But the critic will be quite wrong if he thinks it enough to answer that all these things affected only a cultured class, not corresponding to the servile class of antiquity. When we come to workmen and small tradesmen, we find the same vague yet vivid presence of the spirit that can only be called the vow. In this sense there was a chivalry of trades as well as a chivalry of orders of knighthood; just as there was a heraldry of shop-signs as well as a heraldry of shields. Only it happens that in the enlightenment and liberation of the sixteenth century, the heraldry of the rich was preserved, and the heraldry of the poor destroyed. And there is a sinister symbolism in the fact that almost the only emblem still hung above a shop is that of the three balls of Lombardy. Of all those democratic glories nothing can now glitter in the sun; except the sign of the golden usury that has devoured them all. The point here, however, is that the trade or craft had not only something like the crest, but something like the vow of knight-

hood. There was in the position of the guildsman the same basic notion that belonged to knights and even to monks. It was the notion of the free choice of a fixed estate. We can realize the moral atmosphere if we compare the system of the Christian guilds, not only with the status of the Greek and Roman slaves, but with such a scheme as that of the Indian castes. The oriental caste has some of the qualities of the occidental guild; especially the valuable quality of tradition and the accumulation of culture. Men might be proud of their castes, as they were proud of their guilds. But they had never chosen their castes, as they have chosen their guilds. They had never, within historic memory, even collectively created their castes, as they collectively created their guilds. Like the slave system, the caste system was older than history. The heathens of modern Asia, as much as the heathens of ancient Europe, lived by the very spirit of status. Status in a trade has been accepted like status in a tribe; and that in a tribe of beasts and birds rather than men. The fisherman continued to be a fisherman as the fish continued to be a fish; and the hunter would no more turn into a cook than his dog would try its luck as a cat. Certainly his dog would not be found prostrated before the mysterious altar of Pasht, barking or whining a wild, lonely, and individual vow that he at all costs would become a cat. Yet that was the vital revolt and innovation of vows, as compared with castes or slavery; as when a man vowed to be a monk, or the son of a cobbler saluted the shrine of St.

Joseph, the patron saint of carpenters. When he had entered the guild of the carpenters he did indeed find himself responsible for a very real loyalty and discipline; but the whole social atmosphere surrounding his entrance was full of the sense of a separate and personal decision. There is one place where we can still find this sentiment; the sentiment of something at once free and final. We can feel it, if the service is properly understood, before and after the marriage vows at any ordinary wedding in any ordinary church.

Such, in very vague outline, has been the historical nature of vows, and the unique part they played in that medieval civilization out of which modern civilization rose—or fell. We can now consider, a little less cloudily than it is generally considered nowadays, whether we really think vows are good things; whether they ought to be broken; and (as would naturally follow) whether they ought to be made. But we can never judge it fairly till we face, as I have tried to suggest, this main fact of history; that the personal pledge, feudal or civic or monastic, was the way in which the world did escape from the system of slavery in the past. For the modern breakdown of mere contract leaves it still doubtful if there be any other way of escaping it in the future.

The idea, or at any rate the ideal, of the thing called a vow is fairly obvious. It is to combine the fixity that goes with finality with the self-respect that only goes with freedom. The man is a slave who is his own master, and a king who

is his own ancestor. For all kinds of social purposes he has the calculable orbit of the man in the caste or the servile state; but in the story of his own soul he is still pursuing, at great peril, his own adventure. As seen by his neighbors, he is as safe as if immured in a fortress; but as seen by himself he may be forever careering through the sky or crashing towards the earth in a flying ship. What is socially humdrum is produced by what is individually heroic; and a city is made not merely of citizens but knight-errants. It is needless to point out the part played by the monastery in civilizing Europe in its most barbaric interregnum; and even those who still denounce the monasteries will be found denouncing them for these two extreme and apparently opposite eccentricities. They are blamed for the rigid character of their collective routine; and also for the fantastic character of their individual fanaticism. For the purposes of this part of the argument, it would not matter if the marriage vow produced the most austere discomforts of the monastic vow. The point for the present is that it was sustained by a sense of free will; and the feeling that its evils were not accepted but chosen. The same spirit ran through all the guilds and popular arts and spontaneous social systems of the whole civilization. It had all the discipline of an army; but it was an army of volunteers.

The civilization of vows was broken up when Henry the Eighth broke his own vow of marriage. Or rather, it was broken up by a new cynicism in the ruling powers of Europe, of which that was the

almost accidental expression in England. The monasteries, that had been built by vows, were destroyed. The guilds, that had been regiments of volunteers, were dispersed. The sacramental nature of marriage was denied; and many of the greatest intellects of the new movement, like Milton, already indulged in a very modern idealization of divorce. The progress of this sort of emancipation advanced step by step with the progress of that aristocratic ascendancy which has made the history of modern England; with all its sympathy with personal liberty, and all its utter lack of sympathy with popular life. Marriage not only became less of a sacrament but less of a sanctity. It threatened to become not only a contract, but a contract that could not be kept. For this one question has retained a strange symbolic supremacy amid all the similar questions which seems to perpetuate the coincidence of the origin. It began with divorce for a king; and it is now ending in divorces for a whole kingdom.

The modern era that followed can be called the era of contract; but it can still more truly be called the era of leonine contract. The nobles of the new time first robbed the people, and then offered to bargain with them. It would not be an exaggeration to say that they first robbed the people, and then offered to cheat them. For their rents were competitive rents, their economics competitive economics, their ethics competitive ethics; they applied not only legality but pettifogging. No more was heard of the customary rents of the medieval es-

tates; just as no more was heard of the standard wages of the medieval guilds. The object of the whole process was to isolate the individual poor man in his dealings with the individual rich man; and then offer to buy and sell with him, though it must necessarily be himself that was bought and sold. In the matter of labor, that is, though a man was supposed to be in the position of a seller, he was more and more really in the position of a slave. Unless the tendency be reversed, he will probably become admittedly a slave. That is to say, the word slave will never be used; for it is always easy to find an inoffensive word; but he will be admittedly a man legally bound to certain social service, in return for economic security. In other words, the modern experiment of mere contract has broken down. Trusts as well as Trades' Unions express the fact that it has broken down. Social reform, Socialism, Guild Socialism, Syndicalism, even organized philanthropy, are so many ways of saying that it has broken down. The substitute for it may be the old one of status; but it must be something having some of the stability of status. So far history has found only one way of combining that sort of stability with any sort of liberty. In this sense there is a meaning in the much-misused phrase about the army of industry. But the army must be stiffened either by the discipline of conscripts or by the vows of volunteers.

If we may extend the doubtful metaphor of an army of industry to cover the yet weaker phrase about captains of industry, there is no doubt about

what those captains at present command. They work for a centralized discipline in every department. They erect a vast apparatus of supervision and inspection; they support all the modern restrictions touching drink and hygiene. They may be called the friends of temperance or even of happiness; but even their friends would not call them the friends of freedom. There is only one form of freedom which they tolerate; and that is the sort of sexual freedom which is covered by the legal fiction of divorce. If we ask why this liberty is alone left, when so many liberties are lost, we shall find the answer in the summary of this chapter. They are trying to break the vow of the knight as they broke the vow of the monk. They recognize the vow as the vital antithesis to servile status; the alternative and therefore the antagonist. Marriage makes a small state within the state, which resists all such regimentation. That bond breaks all other bonds; that law is found stronger than all later and lesser laws. They desire the democracy to be sexually fluid, because the making of small nuclei is like the making of small nations. Like small nations, they are a nuisance to the mind of imperial scope. In short, what they fear, in the most literal sense, is home rule.

Men can always be blind to a thing so long as it is big enough. It is so difficult to see the world in which we live, that I know that many will see all I have said here of slavery as a nonsensical nightmare. But, if my association of divorce with slavery seems only a far-fetched and theoretical

paradox, I should have no difficulty in replacing it by a concrete and familiar picture. Let them merely remember the time when they read *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and ask themselves whether the oldest and simplest of the charges against slavery has not always been the breaking up of families.

HONOR*

By HENRY EDWARD CARDINAL MANNING

Etymologists have given up all hope of finding the root of this word. The Greek synonym is a long way off, except on the known rules of Etymology, that consonants may be changed and vowels go for nothing. This is strange enough in a word which, in some shape, is in all languages and in all mouths. The Greeks as a commercial people put it plainly, and call it "price." It was the value others set upon a man: not that which he set upon himself. The world is an appraiser, and not always a wise one. Nevertheless, it is shrewd in fixing what men are worth; at least, in the long run. Many popular estimates last only for a season, and are gone. Some last for a lifetime, and then gently die out. Some live forever. And some men, even after death, vindicate to themselves what was denied them in life, and live with an ever-spreading recognition in the memory of mankind. In this sense, honor means veneration, love, gratitude, recognition of personal and public utility and service, and the like.

It is remarkable that though honor has many senses, it has not among them in other languages

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the special sense common in our own. Among the Romans, it signified the veneration of which we have spoken. There were many degrees of it, personal, civic, and religious. Divine honors lifted men to the gods. Triumphs, consulships, and ædileships were honors in civic life; estates and slaves in domestic or private life. To give honor, to pay honor, or to honor anyone, have all one sense; but that sense is not the sense we are seeking. Mr. A. asks Mr. B. to honor him with his company at dinner: and Mr. B. gladly accepts the honor. After dinner Mr. A. has the honor of proposing the health of Mr. B., which is drunk with all honors. All members of the House of Commons are for the time honorable. What happens when they lose their seat is not on record. They are no longer called so; and the name and the thing are so disjunctive that they may be so when they are not called so, and may not be so when they are.

Now, neither Latins nor Greeks would have understood an Englishman when he said, "Upon my honor." They would probably have taken it for a household god. They swore abundantly by Jupiter and Bacchus, and Edipol and Cato, and Charon and Styx; but they had no such deity as honor. It is among us the adjuration of a man by himself. And this is no empty form. A priest swears, or affirms *in verbo sacerdotis,* because his priesthood is, or ought to be, the highest obligation, containing all that is sacred in his office and in his person. A knight pledged himself on the faith of a true knight, because to him falsehood was a moral

death. When a man, then, says, "Upon my honor," he pledges himself by all that he is or has of truth, integrity, and dignity—that is, by his whole price, or worth, before God and man. Here we come to the sense we are seeking. This honor is not the price that the world sets upon a man, but the price that he sets upon himself. When Shakespeare tells us that we ought to deal with other men not so much according to what they are as according to what we are, he says, "Treat them according to your honor;" that is, let yourself, not them, be your measure. But it may be said that men set a very false price on themselves, and dream that they are what they are not. This subjective consciousness is often self-love with a peacock's tail. And none treats others more haughtily than he who has least worth in him. Nevertheless, the rule is true. Just as there is a vicious self-love, and a rational self-love, so there is a vainglorious self-consciousness, and a just consciousness of self. The first is inflated, unreal, and selfish; the last is humble, real, and true. Of vainglorious self-consciousness we need not speak. If a man seeks for honors as the end of his actions, he becomes double. Even the good he does is not done because it is good, but because it will bring him popularity, or praise. This self-consciousness and reflection upon self is not to be found only in empty and unreal characters. Even greater and better men may be beset by it. But it is neither their motive nor their end; it is as the cloud of dust which follows the wheels that are in motion. Self-consciousness will

envelop minds that are actively good and true. It is their temptation and their torment: if indulged, it becomes their vice; if resisted, it is their discipline of humility. For humility does not consist in an ignorance of truth. If a man is above the average height of men, he cannot help knowing it. If he is stronger than others, he learned it in boyhood, when youths measure strength. If he be skilful in games and sports, he cannot fail to know it. If he comes out first in contest of strength and skill, in body or mind, or in moral action, how can he be unconscious of it? Every day he is learning by an accumulating experience what is his lot and share in the gifts of Nature, or in the acquisitions of his own mental and moral life. He cannot be ignorant of it if he would. If his own inward perceptions were so dull, his eyes and ears would learn it by the words and dealings of those around him. All this creates in a man a sense of duty and responsibility. What was fitting in his youth is no longer fitting in his manhood, in his maturity, in his old age. What is fitting for others is not, therefore, fitting for him. Every lot has its own measures. This which to one man would be proportionate, to others would be too much or too little. Our state is made up of a multitude of conditions or elements, some within and some without; the essential are within, the accidental are without. The whole sum of what a man is by nature, habit, acquisition, mentally and morally—together with his birth, state, name, possessions, office, and the like—all these make up the standard by which what

is proportionate in each man may be measured. What in one man would be generous, in another would be narrow-hearted; what in one would be a fair advantage, in another would be exacting. A poor man may do many things which in a rich man would be out of all moral fitness. A man of low estate enjoys a liberty where another in higher estate must live in bondage. This does not mean that the one must die of dignity, or the other let himself down with laxities of speech and manners; but that there is a fitness and a proportion attaching to every estate, and to every man; and it is an instinct of common sense to perceive it, and to make it the measure of our dealings with others and with ourselves. This is what we mean by honor; and we feel at once the meaning of the words honorable and dishonorable: "Honor is as honor does."

To draw out somewhat in particular what this honor means and does, we may give the following heads:

1. Honor makes a man scrupulously exact in keeping engagements and promises, explicit and implicit. It is large, generous, and prompt, going beyond the strict obligations of law and conscience. To be sordid or mean, tricky or sharp, would be more painful than any loss. Some men will fulfil what can be legally enforced, but nothing beyond. They may have incurred "debts of honor"; but if they are not claimed, they will not offer them; if they are forgotten, they will not pay them. If they have only raised the hope and expectation of

poor people by vague hints of help, they feel no obligation to fulfil them. In making bargains, they take advantage of every circumstance known to them, unknown to the other. Short of telling lies, they will depreciate what they want to purchase till the price is paid down. "It is naught, it is naught," saith every buyer; and when he has gone away then he will boast. Some men, when they find too late that they have made an unwise promise to their own disadvantage, will slip out of it. Honor will keep it, though it be to a man's own hindrance. Regulus promised to return to Carthage. He did not promise to discourage his countrymen.

2. Honor makes men faithful in keeping secrets, and therefore unwilling to receive them, for secrets are like red-hot ploughshares. Only saints can walk safely between them. To keep secrets under the cross-fire of questions and curiosities which harass the world is not easy.

3. Honor makes men magnanimous in forgiving and forgetting offenses and ingratitudes. It has a long memory for what is good and noble, and a short memory for what is evil and base. Petty spites, resentments, retaliations, mean revenges, secret animosities, jealousies, and malice in word or deed, are cast out of an honorable mind as if by exorcism. Men of honor deal with an especial generosity with those who have unworthily treated them. They treat them not as they deserve, but as they could least expect. It is honor's *lex talionis* to return good for evil; kindness for ill will. The

world calls it want of knowledge of men; but honor is wiser than the world, and as strong as it is wise.

4. Honor makes men to be respectful to everybody, but especially to those below them in station, or education, or social advantages—such as the poor, or servants, or dependents in any kind or degree. It has no adulation for the great, and no loftiness for the lowly; but a sympathy with all that is honest and true, in serge or in broadcloth. It treats all men as kings' sons, recognizing in them, through all the weeds of worldly inequality, the nature of man and its dignity; for "a man is worth what he is worth before God, and nothing more." And even the unworthy they will treat with a courtesy which more than the keenest words makes them conscious of their little worth. Honor acts honorably as light shines, by its own nature; and is the same to all, not because of what they are, but because of what it is in itself.

5. Honor carries men over all private ends and private interests, when the public good comes in. It was said of a great heathen that he was *indocilis pricata loqui;* which may be rendered, that he could not be got to talk of anything but public affairs.

6. Lastly: honor inspires a certain indignation against all paltering with truth. It is impatient of equivocations, ambiguities, amphibologies, or white lies. It has so strong an affinity with truth,

that it would rather speak out even untimely truths than be silent. Truth will always take care of itself. It may make confusion, and turn things upside down, like a shell falling into a square: but, in the long run, the most veracious man is the most useful, and the most at peace even with those whom his veracity has offended. To mean what you say, and to say what you mean, wins even enemies at last. Honor never palters; and even enemies are disarmed before it.

Now, all this may be full of pride; because, like Pharisaism, the best things may be full of self; and self, unless mastered, is full of evil. But honor may be only the consciousness of what is high, and right, and true, prompting always to what is higher, nobler, and truer both in word and deed: and that not for vainglory, nor for self-interest, but for its own sake. There need be no pride in conscious rectitude: in the *nil conscire sibi, nulla palescere culpa* of an upright man.

Thus far we have spoken of what honor does; but we have not ventured to define what honor is. We will, however, run the risk, and it may be the gauntlet of the wise who abound in this world.

It would seem, then, that honor is the perfection of the virtues of the natural order, as charity is the perfection of the virtues of the supernatural order. And we must believe that the superstructure will not stand firm unless the foundation be four-square beneath. Christian talk, and pious emotions, and imaginative visions of perfection and devotion, if they do not rest upon these solid natu-

ral foundations, easily ascend in a balloon and float away. The virtues of the natural order are: first, produce, which knows and measures the proportions and fitness of states and actions; secondly, justice, which gives to everyone his right, and even goes beyond it: for justice is not only the doing things justly, but the doing them as a just man would do them, that is, in motive, and measure, and manner; the justice of the just man is not merely liberal, but beautiful and generous. After this comes temperance, which chastens, restrains, and subdues passions, affections, and desires of what is pleasant, soft, and sweet to self in all its forms, so as to make men unselfish. And finally comes fortitude, which denies itself and suffers, and willingly sacrifices its own and itself for truth, justice, generosity, and the public weal. These four rise into what the old world called *virtue,* which was equivalent to courage or fortitude in a heroic degree, crowning temperance, justice, and prudence with a sovereign strength of mastery. In the supernatural order, this would be charity, the bond of perfectness, and the fulness of fortitude in self-oblation and in martyrdom.

AT MONASTERY GATES*

By ALICE MEYNELL

No woman has ever crossed the inner threshold, or shall ever cross it, unless a queen, English or foreign, should claim her privilege. Therefore, if a woman records here the slighter things visible of the monastic life, it is only because she was not admitted to see more than beautiful courtesy and friendliness were able to show her in guest-house and garden.

The Monastery is of fresh-looking Gothic, by Pugin—the first of the dynasty: it is reached by the white roads of a limestone country, and backed by a young plantation, and it gathers its group of buildings in a cleft high up among the hills of Wales. The brown habit is this, and these are the sandals, that come and go by hills of finer, sharper, and loftier line, edging the dusk and dawn of an Umbrian sky. Just such a Via Crucis climbs the height above Orta, and from the foot of its final crucifix you can see the sunrise touch the top of Monte Rosa, while the encircled lake below is cool with the last of the night. The same order of friars keep that sub-Alpine Monte Sacro, and the same have set the Kreuzberg beyond Bonn with the

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same steep path by the same fourteen chapels, facing the Seven Mountains and the Rhine.

Here, in North Wales, remote as the country is, with the wheat green over the blunt hilltops, and the sky vibrating with larks, a long wing of smoke lies round the horizon. The country, rather thinly and languidly cultivated above, has a valuable subsoil, and is burrowed with mines; the breath of pit and factory, out of sight, thickens the lower sky, and lies heavily over the sands of Dee. It leaves the upper blue clear and the head of Orion, but dims the flicker of Sirius and shortens the steady ray of the evening star. The people scattered about are not mining people, but half-hearted agriculturists, and very poor. Their cottages are rather cabins; not a tiled roof is in the country, but the slates have taken some beauty with time, having dips and dimples, and grass upon their edges. The walls are all thickly whitewashed, which is a pleasure to see. How willingly would one swish the harmless whitewash over more than half the color—over all the chocolate and all the blue—with which the buildings of the world are stained! You could not wish for a better, simpler, or fresher harmony than whitewash makes with the slight sunshine and the bright gray of an English sky.

The gray-stone, gray-roofed monastery looks young in one sense—it is modern; and the friars look young in another—they are like their brothers of an earlier time. No one, except the journalists of yesterday, would spend upon them those tedious words, "quaint," or "old world." No such weary

adjectives are spoken here, unless it be by the excursionists.

With large aprons tied over their brown habits, the Lay Brothers work upon their land, planting parsnips in rows, or tending a prosperous bee-farm. A young Friar, who sang the High Mass yesterday, is gaily hanging the washed linen in the sun. A printing press, and a machine which slices turnips, are at work in an outhouse, and the yard thereby is guarded by a St. Bernard, whose single evil deed was that under one of the obscure impulses of a dog's heart—atoned for by long and self-conscious remorse—he bit the poet; and tried, says one of the friars, to make doggerel of him. The poet, too, lives at the monastery gates, and on monastery ground, in a seclusion which the tidings of the sequence of his editions hardly reaches. There is no disturbing renown to be got among the cabins of the Flintshire hills. Homeward, over the verge, from other valleys, his light figure flits at nightfall, like a moth.

To the coming and going of the friars, too, the village people have become well used, and the infrequent excursionists, for lack of intelligence and of any knowledge that would refer to history, look at them without obtrusive curiosity. It was only from a Salvation Army girl that you heard the brutal word of contempt. She had come to the place with some companions, and with them was trespassing, as she was welcome to do, within the monastery grounds. She stood, a figure for Bournemouth pier, in her grotesque bonnet, and

watched the son of the Umbrian saint—the friar who walks among the Giotto frescoes at Assisi and between the cypresses of Bello Sguardo, and has paced the centuries continually since the coming of the friars. One might have asked of her the kindness of a fellow feeling. She and he alike were so habited as to show the world that their life was aloof from its "idle business." By some such phrase, at least, the friar would assuredly have attempted to include her in any spiritual honors ascribed to him. Or one might have asked of her the condescension of forbearance. "Only fancy," said the Salvation Army girl, watching the friar out of sight, "only fancy making such a fool of oneself!"

The great hood of the friars, which is drawn over the head in Zurbaran's ecstatic picture, is turned to use when the friars are busy. As a pocket it relieves the overburdened hands. A bottle of the local white wine, made by the brotherhood at Genoa, and sent to this house by the West, is carried in the cowl as a present to the stranger at the gates. The friars tell how a brother resolved, at Shrovetide, to make pancakes, and not only to make, but also to toss, them. Those who chanced to be in the room stood prudently aside, and the brother tossed boldly. But that was the last that was seen of his handiwork. Victor Hugo sings in *La Légende des Siècles* of disappearance as the thing which no creature is able to achieve: here the impossibility seemed to be accomplished by quite an ordinary and simple pancake. It was clean gone, and there was an end of it. Nor could any explana-

tion of this ceasing of a pancake from the midst of the visible world be so much as divined by the spectators. It was only when the brother, in church, knelt down to meditate and drew his cowl about his head that the accident was explained.

Every midnight the sweet contralto bells call the community, who get up gaily to this difficult service. Of all the duties this one never grows easy or familiar, and therefore never habitual. It is something to have found but one act aloof from habit. It is not merely that the friars overcome the habit of sleep. The subtler point is that they can never acquire the habit of sacrificing sleep. What art, what literature, or what life but would gain a secret security by such a point of perpetual freshness and perpetual initiative? It is not possible to get up at midnight without a will that is new night by night. So should the writer's work be done, and, with an intention perpetually unique, the poet's.

The contralto bells have taught these western hills the "Angelus" of the French fields, and the hour of night—*l'ora di notte*—which rings with so melancholy a note from the village belfries on the Adriatic littoral, when the latest light is passing. It is the prayer for the dead: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

The little flocks of novices, on paschal evenings, are folded to the sound of that evening prayer. The care of them is the central work of the monastery, which is placed in so remote a country because it is principally a place of studies. So much

elect intellect and strength of heart withdrawn from the traffic of the world! True, the friars are not doing the task which Carlyle set mankind as a refuge from despair. These "bearded counselors of God" keep their cells, read, study, suffer, sing, hold silence; whereas they might be "operating"—beautiful word!—upon the Stock Exchange, or painting Academy pictures, or making speeches, or reluctantly jostling other men for places. They might be among the involuntary busybodies who are living by futile tasks the need whereof is a discouraged fiction. There is absolutely no limit to the superfluous activities, to the art, to the literature, implicitly renounced by the dwellers within such walls as these. The output—again a beautiful word—of the age is lessened by this abstention. None the less hopes the stranger and pilgrim to pause and knock once again upon those monastery gates.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?*

By REVEREND WILLIAM J. KERBY

When the young man asked Our Lord the question, "Who is my neighbor?" he sought a definition. He had been told that he should love his neighbor as himself, but he was at a loss as to the identity of the neighbor. In reply to the question, Our Lord narrated the parable of the Good Samaritan and asked, "Who was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers?" "He that showed mercy," was the reply. Whereupon Our Lord said, "Go and do thou in like manner." When we undertake to-day to show mercy to our neighbor, we are at a loss for a definition that will guide us in determining the neighbor that we would serve. He may not be picked at hazard. We may not show mercy in a thoughtless manner. The Good Samaritan was confronted by no complexities. He was guided wisely and without confusion. In our day, however, when there are thousands of good samaritans who wish to serve from whatsoever motive, and tens of thousands of others in need of help, the problem becomes difficult. When society is divided along economic, religious, and race lines; when conflicting philosophies meet in the service of

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the poor and the utmost of our endeavors will fail of what is required, careful thought and thorough organization become necessary to our endeavor, whose aim it is to find the needy neighbor.

The law of love is imperative and universal in the Christian life. The law of service prompted by love is conditioned on our resources. The legitimate claims of duty, efficiency, and development on our time and means and sympathy must be respected. The fallacies urged upon us by ease, luxury, mistaken ambition, imaginary needs, and excessive solicitudes for self-protection must be recognized and conquered. The claims of charity relate in varying degrees to the resources left available for the reasonable service of others after our own legitimate claims have met their satisfaction. When one has arrived at a Christian judgment of these claims upon one's resources, one is called upon to weigh the claims of idealistic interests. Community welfare, religion, education, and other culture interests appeal to us for support, and their successful maintenance depends upon our generosity. Devotion to these interests is praiseworthy in the extreme, but it does not appear to excuse us from the specific claims of charity. The measurement and sanction of these claims are beyond the scope of this study. Assuming that they are established and recognized, we are called upon to undertake to find the neighbors to whom we should show mercy.

As life is organized, those of approximately the same income live in the same neighborhood. The rich live among the rich. The well-to-do live

among their own kind. The poor tend to be segregated to such a degree that the needy know only the needy. While common experience shows us that the most noble instances of neighborly service are found in the reciprocal relations of the poor, these are exceptional. They in no way interfere with the general process of our definition. This tendency to distribute population according to income extends so far that we find more or less exclusive circles in the laboring class itself. If he who needs me is my neighbor in the Christian sense, when I live among those who have no need of me I have no neighbors. Were I to live among many who had immediate need of me I would have so many neighbors that I would be utterly helpless in presence of them. We are thus enabled to eliminate proximity in attempting to find our neighbors.

The processes of life perpetuate this condition. The strong know only the strong and the weak know only the weak. Friendships, intermarriage, acquaintanceship, and association follow along these lines and make this condition self-perpetuating. Normal social relations follow the plans fixed by income and culture. Association among those of different income and culture planes occurs only by exception. It does not occur frequently enough to become a factor in our thought. There is fortunately a certain progress upward from lower to higher social and cultural planes found among those who are exceptionally gifted in mind or character. We pretend to be surprised, if not shocked, when one marries "beneath" one's social station. In fact,

we do not know our neighbors whatsoever our social class. Complete indifference and lack of all information are not only possible but probable among the inhabitants of a modern city block. Locality fails altogether, then, to indicate the neighbor whom we would serve according to the command of Christ.

Since we are compelled to live in close physical proximity with large numbers of persons, civilization has developed the forms of conventional privacy by which we protect ourselves against undue invasion of our lives by others. Those who are near us physically are kept at a distance socially. Life would be scarcely possible in a modern city except for the protection that we gain through respect for privacy. The customs of privacy prevent strangers from speaking to one another, prevent us from asking impudent personal questions, forbid us to look at the book or the letter in the hands of those near us in a street car. The more closely we approach one another the more insistent are the obligations of privacy in order that we may live at all. The cultured man or woman holds curiosity about others in complete control. The result must be a shrinkage in human sympathy, cautious approach to social intercourse with others, a mental habit that leads us to mind our own business and not to interfere without reason in the affairs of others. Thus the free and spontaneous appeal of sympathy and interest in one another and of attention to one another's affairs is practically forbidden. Even among the poor there is a form

of self-respect, an appreciation of privacy, that leads them to hide their distress against the inquiry of those who would serve them. One of the tasks of the friends of the poor is to find out how to serve these without giving offense, without breaking down that refined self-respect which is one of the flowers of culture. There can be no doubt that many carry the principle of respect for privacy too far and lose interest in seeking the neighbor who may be in need of mercy.

Those who enjoy the finding of fault with social workers express their sarcasm by calling these "busybodies," "meddlers" and the like. There is no doubt that the problem here hinted at is one of the most delicate to be met in the service of the poor. We do feel warranted in asking them questions concerning intimate personal life which we would never dare to ask of others. And yet information of this kind is necessary if we are to be of assistance at all. The inertia of the poor prevents them from helping themselves. The assistance that comes to them comes from a class alien in social standing, association, and experience. The nobler the type among the poor the more delicate is their sense of privacy and their reluctance to see that privacy invaded. Much of the argument made against so-called systematic charity rests upon the assumption that office records are an unpardonable invasion of privacy. At the same time, many of those who are careless as to the results of their work among the poor are apt to hide faulty methods behind an exaggerated alleged respect for the feelings,

that is, for the sense of privacy that the standards of civilization permit us to cherish.

Proximity does not define neighbor for us. The customs of conventional privacy interfere greatly with the processes by which we might find and serve our neighbor. One might be led to conclude, then, that contact in the organized service of life would furnish the definition of neighbor whom we would love and serve. But we are disappointed again. Not even the essential service of life that brings us into close contact with one another serves this purpose.

Life is fractioned. One life touches another in one way, but the relations are confined to that one contact. No one can come closer to us than the servant in a home. She comes from the weaker social class. Only too often has she need of neighborly service in the Christian sense, whether it relates to physical, mental, or moral distress. But conventional privacy places a barrier between her and those whom she serves. She does her work, receives her wages, and goes her way. Now and then kindly human relations are established, but the modern type of servant possesses a degree of dignity and shows an insistence on privacy and independence that keeps her mistress in her place. The newsboy, the milkman, the messenger boy, the drivers of the grocery and laundry wagons who come to our doors daily and minister to our recurring wants are in many, if not all, cases in need of some kind of neighborly interest and service relating to either health, home life, or wage conditions.

And yet we do not know their names. We know nothing about them. No human relations are created between them and us although the orderly movement of our intimate daily life is conditioned on their service. Life is fractioned here and relations remain entirely impersonal.

Nor can the condition be otherwise. Each one of those who render service of this kind comes into touch with a multitude of homes. Attempt on the part of anyone to engage them in conversation would disorganize their service and disrupt the neighborhood. Not choice, but the fixed demands of life force these relations upon us, bring us together in economic intimacy and separate us in complete social estrangement. And again, we ourselves come into touch with so many of these in our daily life that it would be impractical for us to attempt to take a human interest in every one of them. Unless we discipline our sympathies we shall scarcely survive at all. Thus we gain no assistance in seeking the definition of neighbor from the economic services rendered to us in the most direct way daily by representatives of the weaker social classes, many of whom are probably in need of friendly service.

We might expect the bond of industrial employment to have some effect in determining Christian relations between strong and weak, in defining the neighbor in the friendly serving of whom the employer might obey the obligations of Christian charity. But again we are disappointed. The mental outlook of the employer is primarily eco-

nomic. He belongs to his class. He thinks and feels with his class. That class embraces a philosophy and follows a practice that results generally in the fractioning of life again. Relations remain impersonal. Labor is performed. Wages are paid. Relations are ended. The historical antagonisms that have developed between employer and employed so dominate the mental attitudes of both that the holier relation of neighbor seems unbusiness-like and out of place. The competitive struggle dominates the outlook of the employer. As the number of those who work for him increases, he takes refuge in his economic advantage against the human sympathy that might be his undoing. Furthermore, the typical modern employer is ordinarily not an owner. He is rather a manager. Generally speaking, the owners of an industry do not manage it and the managers of an industry do not own it.

The scattered owners who enjoy dividends have no knowledge of conditions under which business is conducted. So long as generosity of impulse increases cost of operation and reduces dividends, affects credit and the values of stock, business rules sympathy and generosity out. A broad review of our industrial history shows the horrible and inhuman extremes to which separation of employer and employed have led. Capital has asked labor to carry uncompensated the frightful risks to life, to limb, and to health that have been associated with the feverish development of industrial processes. Hundreds of thousands of industrial acci-

dents that resulted in death; hundreds of thousands of instances of occupational hazards that robbed working men of their health, deprived families of their breadwinners, robbed children of their parents, and hurled helpless, maimed, and broken men, women, and children into the pit of dependency declare the failure of Christian relationship, sympathy, and love between employer and employed.

We may take into account all of the types of noble-minded employers that have endeavored to foster human relations with employees. We may take into account all of the instances wherein the distress of the weak is due to their own fault, sin, treachery, and indifference. After making most generous allowance in both directions, the facts of our industrial history still write a full indictment of the strong ones of the earth. They have builded an economic empire that gave them imperial sway over uncounted thousands of lives which they used with pagan indifference to the claims of humanity and Christianity. Much of this is due to the exactions of the competitive system and the mental outlook that resulted from them. Much of it is due to general conditions which the single employer could scarcely master. Whatever the circumstances, the harvest of disaster, death, disease, and dependency that resulted challenges the human and Christian sympathy of the world. While employers in individual cases find it possible to be neighbors in the fullest sense of the term to those who labor for them, the bond of employment has not operated

and does not operate generally to unite strong and weak in bonds of Christian love and kindly service.

We might expect the bond of faith to define neighbor for us. Religion continues to teach the doctrine and foster the spirit of the charity of Christ. But every one of the factors already mentioned interferes in one way or another with the social relations of Christians. The complexities and mandates of social organization, the social cleavage between strong and week, between cultured and uncultured follow us into the house of God itself and affect mind and sympathy in varying degrees. While religious charities, particularly those of the Catholic Church, have done wonderful things in the way of service, these charities represent a reaction made necessary because the bond of faith does not automatically and directly define neighbor for us.

None of the social bonds described has of itself operated to furnish automatically definitions of neighbor which enable strong and weak to cultivate the spirit of love and service that stands out in unparalleled grandeur in the ideal of Christian life. Again we must allow for exceptions. But these do not impair the truth of the general statement as made. We are confronted in this way by social classes and class estrangement, unequal distribution of strength and weakness, lack of normal definition of neighbor, by the ordinary processes of life. But the law of Christ's love has not remained inoperative. Christian sympathy has been sufficiently strong in Christian hearts to do in one way what

has been found impossible in another. In this way the relation of neighbor in the Christian life has been made vicarious and service has become indirect. It has become necessary to seek out the poor. They have been found in such multitudes and in so many types that their condition has offered a challenge to Christian sympathy and the intelligence of the world.

Poverty has become so complex and the helplessness of the poor is so many-sided that the service of them has become exacting and technical. We have been compelled, therefore, to specialize in the service of them and to become systematic and thoughtful in that service. The relief organization which assembles those who are skilful in the service of the poor and gathers the resources available for this service represents the combined typical Christian sympathies of the community and gives promise of most effective neighborly service of the poor. We turn, therefore, to the modern relief organization for the answer to our question, "Who is my neighbor?" We give our personal service and our means to the organization and ask it to administer these for the most effective service of the poor. Service becomes to a great extent vicarious and indirect.

Whenever it is possible for one who is strong to find a family or a person in need of whatsoever kind, the definition of neighbor is admirably supplied by the circumstances. This will remain for all time the ideal relation. In as far as the service is given intelligently and with sympathetic personal

touch, nothing is left to be desired. But there are so many of the poor who cannot hope for such direct and intimate relationship with the strong, and there are so many of the strong to whom the ordinary course of life does not make known particular instances of need that can be adequately met in this way that we may not represent this method as either adequate or satisfactory.

When we look upon poverty as the plight of the individual or family we find dependents in such numbers that organization of relief work becomes imperative. As we gain insight into the forces that have made them dependent, and as we gain understanding of the processes that keep them so, we find need of foresight, thought, and system. It is difficult to see how any lover of the poor can doubt this. If we look upon poverty as a plight of society rather than of the individual, we find it necessary to organize the forces that can act upon society, strengthen its conscience, and remedy conditions. If we look upon poverty as a phase of injustice and a plight of the State, we find need again of concerted action, unceasing effort, and sacrifice in order to adjust the institutions of law and the processes of its administration to the requirements of the poor. From whatsoever standpoint we look upon the problem, we find organization, insight, training, system, and principle necessary in order to restore relations between strong and weak which will temper the former and encourage the latter in the spirit of Christian love.

Organization, training, and system are required

in order that we may find our neighbor and serve him well. In addition to the reasons alleged there are others which it may be well to mention.

The law of Christian charity rests in a supernatural attitude, expresses itself in an impulse, and reaches its termination in a service. Insistence upon truth, impulse, and motive without regard to outcome would be a mistake, an offense at least against the exalted dignity of love. If love may lead parents to err in dealing with their children, love may lead the strong to err in dealing with the weak. Giving to a neighbor and serving him hurriedly, thoughtlessly, and without intelligent attention cannot be the fine flower of Christian Charity. We are compelled to discipline our love in order that we may serve, and not harm, the poor. This is true in all cases but notably true in these days.

The tendency to insist upon motive without due regard to outcome in dealing with the poor is aggravated somewhat by the habit of overidealizing them. By first intention, pity and love lead us to see in them only their suffering. We resent the insinuation that there may be among them tricksters, deceivers, sinful men and women, bold, defiant, and tricky children, those who are willing to trade on our sympathy and lie and cheat to gain their purposes. Again, we are disposed not to think that the poor suffer the penalties of ignorance and bad judgment. When our sympathies are aroused our critical habits retire. Love prefers to live in the present and not to take long outlooks. It is made to appear cold, inhuman, and calculating, to favor

investigation, to distinguish between worthy and unworthy poor, to serve the former with care and the latter with sternness. Now training, system, method are intended to meet these problems; to overcome the difficulties of multitudes, to seek out all who suffer and serve them well; to seek out the unworthy and deal with them as they deserve, and above all to protect the poor against the mistakes of their friends whether trained or untrained.

THE SCOPE OF PUBLIC-SCHOOL EDUCATION*

By BISHOP JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

Our system of Public-School Education is a result of the faith of the people in the need of universal intelligence for the maintenance of popular government. Does this system include moral training? Since the teaching of religious doctrines is precluded, this, I imagine, is what we are to consider in discussing the Scope of Public-School Education. The equivalents of scope are aim, end, opportunity, range of view; and the equivalents of education are training, discipline, development, instruction. The proper meaning of the word education, it seems, is not a drawing out, but a training up, as vines are trained to lay hold of and rise by means of what is stronger than themselves. My subject, then, is the aim, end, opportunity, and range of view of public-school education, which to be education at all, in any true sense, must be a training, discipline, development, and instruction of man's whole being, physical, intellectual, and moral. This, I suppose, is what Herbert Spencer means when he defines education to be a prepara-

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tion for complete living. Montaigne says the end of education is wisdom and virtue; Comenius declares it to be knowledge, virtue, and religion; Milton, likeness to God through virtue and faith; Locke, health of body, virtue, and good manners; Herbart, virtue, which is the realization in each one of the idea of inner freedom; while Kant and Fichte declare it to consist chiefly in the formation of character. All these thinkers agree that the supreme end of education is spiritual or ethical. The controlling aim, then, should be, not to impart information, but to upbuild the being which makes us human, to form habits of right thinking and doing. The ideal is virtually that of Israel—that righteousness is life—though the Greek ideal of beauty and freedom may not be excluded. It is the doctrine that manners make the man, that conduct is three-fourths of life, leaving but one-fourth for intellectual activity and aesthetic enjoyment; and into this fourth of life but few ever enter in any real way, while all are called and may learn to do good and avoid evil.

"In the end," says Ruskin, "the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones." We can all learn to become active, modest, and kind; to turn from idleness, pride, greed, and cruelty. But we cannot all make ourselves capable of living in the high regions of pure thought and ideal beauty; and for the few even who are able to do this, it is still true that conduct is three-fourths of life.

"The end of man," says Buchner, "is conversion

into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia." This also is an ideal, and he thinks we should be pleased to know that in dying we give back to the universe what had been lent. He moralizes too; but if all we can know of our destiny is that we shall be converted into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, the sermon may be omitted. On such a faith it is not possible to found a satisfactory system of education. Men will always refuse to think thus meanly of themselves and in answer to those who would persuade them that they are but brutes, they will, with perfect confidence, claim kinship with God; for from an utterly frivolous view of life both our reason and our instinct turn.

The scope of Public-School Education is to cooperate with the physical, social, and religious environment to form good and wise men and women. Unless we bear in mind that the school is but one of several educational agencies, we shall not form a right estimate of its office. It depends almost wholly for its success upon the kind of material furnished it by the home, the state, and the church; and, to confine our view to our own country, I have little hesitation in affirming that our home life, our social and political life, and our religious life have contributed far more to make us what we are than any and all of our schools. The school, unless it works in harmony with these great forces, can do little more than sharpen the wits. Many of the teachers of our Indian schools are doubtless competent and earnest; but their pupils, when they return to their tribes, quickly lose what they have

gained, because they are thrown into an environment which annuls the ideals that prevailed in the school. The controlling aim of our teachers should be, therefore, to bring their pedagogical action into harmony with what is best in the domestic, social, and religious life of the child; for this is the foundation on which they must build, and to weaken it is to expose the whole structure to ruin. Hence the teacher's attitude towards the child should be that of sympathy with him in his love for his parents, his country, and his religion. His reason is still feeble, and his life is largely one of feeling; and the fountainheads of his purest and noblest feelings are precisely his parents, his country, and his religion, and to tamper with them is to poison the wells whence he draws the water of life. To assume and hold this attitude with sincerity and tact is difficult; it requires both character and culture; it implies a genuine love of mankind and of human excellence; reverence for whatever uplifts, purifies, and strengthens the heart; knowledge of the world, of literature, and of history, united with an earnest desire to do whatever may be possible to lead each pupil towards life in its completeness, which is health and healthful activity of body and mind and heart and soul.

As the heart makes the home, the teacher makes the school. What we need about all things, wherever the young are gathered for education, is not a showy building, or costly apparatus, or improved methods or textbooks, but a living, loving, illumined human being who has deep faith in the

power of education and a real desire to bring it to bear upon those who are intrusted to him. This applies to the primary school with as much force as to the high school and university. Those who think, and they are, I imagine, the vast majority, that anyone who can read and write, who knows something of arithmetic, geography, and history, is competent to educate young children, have not even the most elementary notions of what education is.

What the teacher is, not what he utters and inculcates, is the important thing. The life he lives and whatever reveals that life to his pupils; his unconscious behavior even; above all, what in his inmost soul he hopes, believes, and loves, have far deeper and more potent influence than mere lessons can ever have. It is precisely here that we Americans, whose talent is predominantly practical and inventive, are apt to go astray. We have won such marvelous victories with our practical sense and inventive genius that we have grown accustomed to look to them for aid, whatever the nature of the difficulty or problem may be. Machinery can be made to do much, and to do well what it does. With its help we move rapidly; we bring the ends of the earth into instantaneous communication; we print the daily history of the world and throw it before every door; we plow and we sow and we reap; we build cities, and we fill our houses with whatever conduces to comfort or luxury. All this and much more, machinery enables us to do. But it cannot create life, nor can it, in any effective

way, promote vital processes. Now, education is essentially a vital process. It is a furthering of life; and as the living proceed from the living, they can rise into the wider world of ideas and conduct only by the help of the living; and as in the physical realm every animal begets after its own likeness, so also in the spiritual the teacher can give but what he has. If the wellspring of truth and love has run dry within himself, he teaches in vain. His words will no more bring forth life than desert winds will clothe arid sands with verdure. Much talking and writing about education have chiefly helped to obscure a matter which is really plain. The purpose of the public school is or should be not to form a mechanic or a specialist of any kind, but to form a true man or woman.

Hence the number of things we teach the child is of small moment. Those schools, in fact, in which the greatest number of things are taught give, as a rule, the least education. The character of the Roman people, which enabled them to dominate the earth and to give laws to the world, was formed before they had schools, and when their schools were most flourishing they themselves were in rapid moral and social dissolution. We make education and religion too much a social affair, and too little a personal affair. Their essence lies in their power to transform the individual, and it is only in transforming him that they recreate the wider life of the community. The Founder of Christianity addressed himself to the individual, and gave little heed to the state or other environment. He looked

to a purified inner source of life to create for itself a worthier environment, and simply ignored devices for working sudden and startling changes. They who have entered into the hidden meaning of this secret and this method turn in utter incredulity from the schemes of declaimers and agitators.

The men who fill the world, each with his plan for reforming and saving it, may have their uses, since the poet tells us there are uses in adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head; but to one deafened by their discordant and clamorous voices, the good purpose they serve seems to be as mythical as the jewel in the toad's head.

Have not those who mistake their crotchets for Nature's laws invaded our schools? Have they not succeeded in forming a public opinion and in setting devices at work which render education, in the true sense of the word, if not impossible, difficult? Literature is a criticism of life, made by those who are in love with life, and have the deepest faith in its possibilities; and all criticism which is inspired by sympathy and faith and controlled by knowledge is helpful. Complacent thoughts are rarely true, and hardly ever useful. It is a prompting of nature to turn from what we have to what we lack, for thus only is there hope of amendment and progress. We are, to quote Emerson,

> Built of furtherance and pursuing,
> Not of spent deeds, but of doing.

Hence the wise and the strong dwell not upon their virtues and accomplishments, but strive to learn wherein they fail, for it is in correcting this they desire to labor. They wish to know the truth about themselves, are willing to try to see themselves as others see them, that self-knowledge may make self-improvement possible. They turn from flattery, for they understand that flattery is insult. Now, if this is the attitude of wise and strong men, how much more should it not be that of a wise and strong people? Whenever persons or things are viewed as related in some special way to ourselves, our opinions of them will hardly be free from bias. When, for instance, I think or speak of my country, my religion, my friends, my enemies, I find it difficult to put away the prejudice which my self-esteem and vanity create, and which, like a haze, ever surrounds me to color or obscure the pure light of reason. It cannot do us harm to have our defects and shortcomings pointed out to us; but to be told by demagogues and declaimers that we are the greatest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous people which exists or has existed, can surely do us no good. If it is true, we should not dwell upon it, for this will but distract us from striving for the things in which we are deficient; and if it is false, it can only mislead us and nourish a foolish conceit. It is the orator's misfortune to be compelled to think of his audience rather than of truth. It is his business to please, persuade, and convince; and men are pleased with flattering lies, persuaded and convinced by appeals to passion and interest. Happier

is the writer, who need not think of a reader, but finds his regard in the truth he expresses.

It is not possible for an enlightened mind not to take profound interest in our great system of public education. To do this he need not think it the best system. He may deem it defective in important requisites. He may hold, as I hold, that the system is of minor importance, the kind of teacher being all important. But if he loves his country, if he loves human excellence, if he has faith in man's capacity for growth, he cannot but turn his thoughts, with abiding attention and sympathy, to the generous and determined efforts of a powerful and vigorous people to educate themselves. Were our public-school system nothing more than the nation's profession of faith in the transforming power of education, it would be an omen of good and a ground for hope; and one cannot do more useful work than to help to form a public opinion which will accept with thankfulness the free play of all sincere minds about this great question, and which will cause the genuine lovers of our country to turn in contempt from the clamors politicians and bigots are apt to raise when an honest man utters honest thought on this all-important subject.

I am willing to assume and to accept as a fact that our theological differences make it impossible to introduce the teaching of any religious creed into the public school. I take the system as it is—that is, as a system of secular education—and I address

myself more directly to the question proposed: What is or should be its scope?

The fact that religious instruction is excluded makes it all the more necessary that humanizing and ethical aims should be kept constantly in view. Whoever teaches in a public school should be profoundly convinced that man is more than an animal which may be taught cunning and quickness. A weed in blossom may have a certain beauty, but it will bear no fruit; and so the boy or youth one often meets, with his irreverent smartness, his precocious pseudo-knowledge of a hundred things, may excite a kind of interest, but he gives little promise of a noble future. The flower of his life is the blossom of the weed, which in its decay will poison the air, or, at the best, serve but to fertilize the soil. If we are to work to good purpose we must take our stand, with the great thinkers and educators, on the broad field of man's nature, and act in the light of the only true ideal of education—that its end is wisdom, virtue, knowledge, power, reverence, faith, health, behavior, hope, and love; in a word, whatever powers and capacities make for intelligence, for conduct, for character, for completeness of life. Not for a moment should we permit ourselves to be deluded by the thought that because the teaching of religious creeds is excluded, therefore we may make no appeal to the fountain-heads which sleep within every breast, the welling of whose waters alone has power to make us human. If we are forbidden to turn the current into this or that channel, we are not forbidden to recog-

nize the universal truth that man lives by faith, hope, and love, by imagination and desire, and that it is precisely for this reason that he is educable. We move irresistibly in the lines of our real faith and desire, and the educator's great purpose is to help us to believe in what is high and to desire what is good. Since for the irreverent and vulgar spirit nothing is high or good, reverence, and the refinement which is the fruit of true intelligence, urge ceaselessly their claims on the teacher's attention. Goethe, I suppose, was little enough of a Christian to satisfy the demands of an agnostic cripple even, and yet he held that the best thing in man is the thrill of awe; and that the chief business of education is to cultivate reverence for whatever is above, beneath, around, and within us. This he believed to be the only philosophical and healthful attitude of mind and heart towards the universe, seen and unseen. May not the meanest flower that blows bring thoughts that lie too deep for tears? Is not reverence a part of all the sweetest and purest feelings which bind us to father and mother, to friends and home and country? Is it not the very bloom and fragrance, not only of the highest religious faith, but also of the best culture? Let the thrill of awe cease to vibrate, and you will have a world in which money is more than man, office better than honesty, and books like *Innocents Abroad* or *Peck's Bad Boy* more indicative of the kind of man we form than are the noblest works of genius. What is the great aim of the primary school, if it is not the nutrition of

feeling? The child is weak in mind, weak in will, but he is most impressionable. Feeble in thought, he is strong in capacity to feel the emotions which are the sap of the tree of moral life. He responds quickly to the appeals of love, tenderness, and sympathy. He is alive to whatever is noble, heroic, and venerable. He desires the approbation of others, especially of those whom he believes to be true and high and pure. He has unquestioning faith, not only in God but in great men, who, for him, indeed, are earthly gods. Is not his father a divine man, whose mere word drives away all fear and fills him with confidence? The touch of his mother's hand stills his pain; if he is frightened, her voice is enough to soothe him to sleep. To imagine that we are educating this being of infinite sensibility and impressionability when we do little else than teach him to read, write, and cipher, is to cherish a delusion. It is not his destiny to become a reading, writing, and ciphering machine, but to become a man who believes, hopes, and loves, who holds to sovereign truth, and is swayed by sympathy; who looks up with reverence and awe to the heavens, and hearkens with cheerful obedience to the call of duty; who has habits of right-thinking and well-doing which have become a law unto him, a second nature. And if it be said that we all recognize this to be so, but that it is not the business of the school to help to form such a man, that it does its work when it sharpens the wits, I will answer with the words of William von Humboldt: "Whatever we

wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced into its schools."

Now, what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is not the power of shrewd men, wholly absorbed in the striving for wealth, reckless of the means by which it is gotten, and who, whether they succeed or whether they fail, look upon money as the equivalent of the best things man knows or has; who therefore think that the highest purpose of government, as of other social forces and institutions, is to make it easy for all to get abundance of gold and to live in sloven plenty; but what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is the power of intelligence and virtue, of wisdom and conduct. We believe, and in fact know, that humanity, justice, truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, integrity, reverence, purity, and self-respect are higher and mightier than anything mere sharpened wits can accomplish. But if these virtues, which constitute nearly the whole sum of man's strength and worth, are to be introduced into the life of the nation, they must be introduced into the schools, into the process of education. We must recognize, not in theory alone, but in practice, that the chief end of education is ethical, since conduct is three-fourths of human life. The aim must be to make men true in thought and word, pure in desire, faithful in act, upright in deed; men who understand that the highest good does not lie in the possession of anything whatsoever, but that it lies in power and quality of being; for whom what we are and not what we have is

the guiding principle; who know that the best work is not that for which we receive most pay, but that which is most favorable to life, physical, moral, intellectual, and religious; since man does not exist for work or the Sabbath, but work and rest exist for him, that he may thrive and become more human and more divine. We must cease to tell boys and girls that education will enable them to get hold of the good things of which they believe the world to be full; we must make them realize rather that the best thing in the world is a noble man or woman, and to be that is the only certain way to a worthy and contented life. All talk about patriotism which implies that it is possible to be a patriot or a good citizen without being a true and good man, is sophistical and hollow. How shall he who cares not for his better self care for his country?

We must look, as educators, most closely to those sides of the national life where there is the greatest menace of ruin. It is plain that our besetting sin, as a people, is not intemperance or unchastity, but dishonesty. From the watering and manipulating of stocks to the adulteration of food and drink, from the booming of towns and lands to the selling of votes and the buying of office, from the halls of Congress to the policeman's beat, from the capitalist who controls trusts and syndicates to the mechanic who does inferior work, the taint of dishonesty is everywhere. We distrust one another, distrust those who manage public affairs, distrust our own fixed will to suffer the worst that may

befall rather than cheat or steal or lie. Dishonesty hangs, like mephitic air, about our newspapers, our legislative assemblies, the municipal government of our towns and cities, about our churches even, since our religion itself seems to lack that highest kind of honesty, the downright and thorough sincerity which is its life-breath.

If the teacher in the public school may not insist that an honest man is the noblest work of God, he may teach at least that he who fails in honesty fails in the most essential quality of manhood, enters into warfare with the forces which have made him what he is, and which secure him the possession of what he holds dearer than himself, since he barters for it his self-respect; that the dishonest man is an anarchist and dissocialist, one who does what in him lies to destroy credit, and the sense of the sacredness of property, obedience to law, and belief in the rights of man. If our teachers are to work in the light of an ideal, if they are to have a conscious end in view, as all who strive intelligently must have, if they are to hold a principle which will give unity to their methods, they must seek it in the idea of morality, of conduct, which is three-fourths of life.

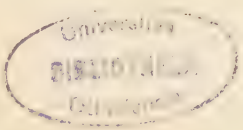
I myself am persuaded that the real and philosophical basis of morality is the being of God, a being absolute, infinite, unimaginable, inconceivable, of whom our highest and nearest thought is that he is not only almighty, but all-wise and all-good as well. But it is possible, I think, to cultivate the moral sense without directly and expressly

assigning to it this philosophical and religious basis; for goodness is largely its own evidence, as virtue is its own reward. It all depends on the teacher. Life produces life, life develops life; and if the teacher have within himself a living sense of the all-importance of conduct, if he thoroughly realize that what we call knowledge is but a small part of man's life, his influence will nourish the feelings by which character is evolved. The germ of a moral idea is always an emotion, and that which impels to right action is the emotion rather than the idea. The teachings of the heart remain forever, and they are the most important; for what we love, genuinely believe in, and desire decides what we are and may become. Hence the true educator, even in giving technical instruction, strives not merely to make a workman, but to make also a man, whose being shall be touched to finer issues by spiritual powers, who shall be upheld by faith in the worth and sacredness of life, and in the education by which it is transformed, enriched, purified, and ennobled. He understands that an educated man, who, in the common acceptation of the phrase, is one who knows something, who knows many things, is, in truth, simply one who has acquired habits of right thinking and right doing. The culture which we wish to see prevail throughout our country is not learning and literary skill; it is character and intellectual openness—that higher humanity which is latent within us all; which is power, wisdom, truth, goodness, love, sympathy, grace, and beauty; whose surpassing

excellence the poor may know as well as the rich; whose charm the multitude may feel as well as the chosen few.

"He who speaks of the people," says Guicciardini, "speaks, in sooth, of a foolish animal, a prey to a thousand errors, a thousand confusions, without taste, without affection, without firmness." The scope of our public-school education is to make commonplace of this kind, by which all literature is pervaded, so false as to be absurd; and when this end shall have been attained, Democracy will have won its noblest victory.

How shall we find the secret from which hope of such success will spring? By so forming and directing the power of public opinion, of national approval, and of money, as to make the best men and women willing and ready to enter the teacher's profession. The kind of man who educates is the test of the kind of education given, and there is properly no other test. When we Americans shall have learned to believe with all our hearts and with all the strength of irresistible conviction that a true educator is a more important, in every way a more useful, sort of man than a great railway king, or pork butcher, or captain of industry, or grain buyer, or stock manipulator, we shall have begun to make ourselves capable of perceiving the real scope of public-school education.



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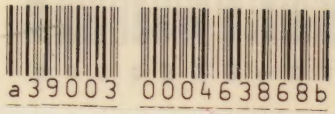
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